

He invites you to come—He will freely receive,
And this message He sendeth to you:
"There's a mansion in glory for all who believe."
That old, old story is true.

Wait of the Lost.

Is the news? (B.J. 12):
world (B.J. 11).
now in hell are crying,
at flames they're lying,
er, the harvest just,
causal die is cast,
woe is come at last,

ir hands and tear their

filled with dark despair,

endless tortments rise,

orn that never dies,

are their cries,

bliss of saints above,

sea of love,

tempest howls,

he thunder rolls,

darkness blind their

to you who yet

he devil's net,

ding on the brink,

at once you sink,

stop and think,

ow!

Good Old Self.

OLD STORY.

erful story I've heard

The sweet story of

wherever I go,

ory is told,

it so strange that so

it were new;

the reason they love

y is true.

urus.

ory is true, etc.

g so lovely and pure,

earth to dwell;

ones and make them

ie power of hell,

ed, and with thorns

d, extended to view;

pence to my heart

is true.

story I love to re-

will to men,

me that is half so

and again.

TEA?

Other.



The Commissioner

(MISS BOOTH)

WILL CONDUCT A

SOLDIERS' ASSEMBLY

AT

THE TEMPLE

ON

GOOD FRIDAY AFTERNOON

AND A PUBLIC

ENROLMENT OF SIEGE

CONVERTS

AT NIGHT.

COLONEL JACOBS

Will Conduct

Special Week-End Services

At

Ligar Street, . . . March 18.

Riverside, . . . " 22.

Tamela, . . . April 2.

Major Hargrave will accompany the Colonel

at Ligar Street and Riverside.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS,

Accompanied by MAJOR SOUTHAL

will visit and conduct Special

Meetings as follows:

WOODSTOCK, March 17.

BRANTFORD, March 18, 19.

HAMILTON, March 20.

BRIGADIER MRS. READ

will conduct Special Meetings at

BRANTFORD, March 25, 26, 27.

C. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

ENSIGN STAIGERS. — Lewiston,

March 18, 19, 20; Spokane, March 21.

ENSIGN COLLIER. — London, March

18, 19, 20.

ENSIGN PARKER. — Millbrook, Mar.

18, 19, 20; Peterboro, March 21, 22, 23,

24.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the

Salvation Army, printed and pub-

lished by John M. C. Horn, S. A.

Printing House, 15 Albert St., Toronto.



15th Year, No. 26.

WILLIAM BOOTH,

General.

TORONTO, MARCH 25, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,

Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



FORGOTTEN

HERE is something indescribably pathetic about dumb suffering. Pain which can be expressed and explained is half healed. Trouble which can find no outlet in tears or speech has irresistible claim upon the gentlest impulse of the sympathetic heart.

It was the mute patience of the brown bay which made his forlorn position outside the wayside hotel so appealing. The long ride through the driving snowdrifts had been tedious enough, and the drop of the rein at the brightly-lighted hostelry promised pleasant prospects of a straw-strewed stable and a well-filled manger. But the horse was disappointed. With a hasty fling the rider and hung the reins loosely over the steed's neck, and jumping off his back thrust his vix into the light and heat within.

in the thawing and warming process and convivial company he found there to lose all recollection of his beast's needs. So the brown bay was left to paw the fresh-fallen snow without, while the flakes melted upon his coat, warm with the steady trot, and soon added a covering of dampness to the penetrating discomfort of the cold. Had he been a human being in like circumstances, the brown bay would have undergone the tortures of a conviction that an attack of the La grippe was inevitable; as he was only a horse he was spared that anxiety.

Succeeding minutes lost themselves in each other until thirty of them had passed, and still the rider drank and laughed with the throng within, and his horse stood shivering in the snow without.

There was something more than injustice in such treatment. Could the brown bay have spoken his words might have revealed the incongruity of such unkindness with what had been hitherto shown him. His master was habitually a kind man, his horse was well-fed and well-groomed. Then why this apparently heartless treatment—what reason for the act of which, when the man returned, he would most bitterly reproach himself? No explanation than this—he forgot!

Evil is wrought for want of thought, As well as want of heart.

If we did not believe this the world would seem a much unkindler place than it really is. To reckon men as all and only what their words and actions reveal them to be would be to a large extent to throw a very gloomy shadow over more than half humanity. In fact, so great is often the difference between a man's intent and a man's deed that only charitable reflection forbids the sentencing of even the professedly humane and benevolent as inconsiderate and unkind.

Too many such lapses from a man's better nature are not the result of even wavering good will, but owe their blighting birth to one of those frenks of memory which it is an open question to consider whether as unavoidable, or the outcome of carelessness.

"I forgot," says the individual, but frames and feelings infinitely more sensitive than the subject of our picture's sympathy are occasioned untold aggravation and affliction thereby.

"I forgot," says the well-meaning but careless friend, but the heart be would not intentionally hurt for all the world is sorely wounded by the heedless word or apparent neglect.

"I forgot," says the conscientious and honest saint, but the moment their

conscience was surprised on its guard, lowered the spiritual ideal of a weak onlooker, and the upward efforts of the one were discouraged by the example of the other.

"I forgot," says someone whose ambitions for God's Kingdom are high and deep, but they offended one of the "little ones" of whom the Bible says the Lord of that Kingdom sets such store.

"I forgot," says the man who has made it his life's business to seek or save but the soul which one word might have won was lost, because it was never said.

"I forgot," says one whose purse and powers are all at the disposal of God and His world — he did not know that the withheld kind word would have lifted the burden which, though small, fell upon an all-overburdened back, and broke it.

But enough of this weary procession of lame excuses with their attendant ghosts of "might have been." Can we, as soldiers, commissioned to tasks fraught with stern possibilities of good or ill, whose echoes will sound in our ears on the Eternal Morning, give such as our reason for short comings?

Have we any right to forget our duty?

My Creed.

While people are talking about being Protestants, Catholics, Salvationists, etc., I would say

I am a Protestant,

In that I protest against all sin in myself, and in others, and do my best to get men and women saved from the guilt and power of sin, and to keep myself unspotted from its guilt and pollution.

I am a Catholic,

In that my religion is a universal one, embracing all mankind—black, white, brown, yellow—a love that goes out for every kind of sinner, no matter how low or degraded, a love that goes out even for our enemies and for all the heathen, infidels, agnostics, etc., and tries to get them to embrace the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and in every way to labor for the benefit of mankind, according to my ability.

I am a Salvationist

because I owe all to the S. A. for the blessed uttermost salvation I now enjoy. I don't know what would have become of me only for the Salvation Army. I am entire devoted to God's service, for the salvation of the lost, and to living souls from the power of sin and Satan, to the power of God and righteousness.

May the Lord bless these few imperfect words to some weary, sin-sick soul.—Trans. Cassin.

Tricks of the Devil.

It is well to know the devil's plans in order to shun them. The following are some of the ways in which he diverts workers from pressing the little to soul winners:

By leading them to criticize fellow workers instead of praying for them.

By putting them up so that they feel that no good can be done unless their methods are employed.

By getting them to drop the great essentials of salvation and substitute some of the spokes of the great Gospel wheel for the hub.

By getting them to substitute something which is good for that which is BETTER.

By prevailing on them to substitute reformation for salvation, or lectures which amuse and instruct for red-hot Gospel truth that convicts and saves.

By hindering them from doing house to house work.

By keeping them so busy in minor matters that they neglect prayer and the fullness of the Holy Ghost, the great mainsprings of successful Christian work.

By keeping them continually tinkering with their own experiences instead of letting God fix them up so they can devote their whole time and attention to His work.

Honey Drops.

God cannot save the disobedient.

Wrong motives will defeat earnest seeking.

Obedience will be tested, but its reward will be great.

Humility is glad to take the lowest seat, and feels unworthy to be invited higher.

"Before honor is humility," and "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Men who will stand the test at any cost, is what God wants, uses and honors.

One of the most fragrant flowers which grows in the valley of true religion is humility.

Jesus was so engrossed in prebending to the woman at Sychar's well that He forgot His dinner.

Obedience is not only a test of obtaining salvation, but it is also an imperative condition of keeping saved.

The yielding sinner gets rid of his rage, is clothed, and put in his right mind, and gets a sample of Heaven's wealth.

The man who saves himself, who keeps back part of the price, is not worth his salt in the Kingdom of grace and glory.

To obtain the best results in the service of God we must be blind as bats, and deaf as adders to all selfish consideration.

Soldiers of Christ's army are court-martialed and shot when they break His laws, and the only way back is through the reuniting power of spiritual restoration.

By revealing the resources of God in their magnitude, and by exemplifying the supreme loveliness of the character of Christ, men are won to grace and salvation.

A Christian may never expect much success until he properly represents his Master. HE IS A GREAT GOD. Possessing measureless, boundless wealth. He owns the cattle on a thousand hills and a universe of whirling worlds.



number. Note, we print "Special" in big type, for it will be an

EXTRAORDINARY WAR CRY,

and still cost only

FIVE CENTS.

The most formidable enemies of holiness are within our own ranks; those who profess the grace and contend for the doctrine, are as fearless, edgeless, priceless, toothless, and worthless as those who make no claims concerning holiness.

The world calls those blessed and happy who succeed in making money, or gaining position, or becoming masters along educational lines, but Jesus places the premium only upon spirituality. He says, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

The worker in Christ's vineyard who forgets to look at his watch lest he works overtime, who spends his strength unskillfully, and without reserve, who forgets his own sunburn and back ache in his anxiety for the reaping of the vintage of his Master, he is the man who gaddens the heart of Jesus, and brings a smile to the face of the Nazarene.

Every true convert is speedily brought to the question of practical consecration and true holiness. Here the natural man and earthly ties always remonstrate and insist that the separation be delayed at least for a time. Few there are who walk in the light of justification many weeks or months without being brought face to face with the question of holiness, a full, complete separation from the "natural man," the "carnal mind," and all worldly entanglements. With those who say, "I will go," the Holy Ghost will journey all the way.

Remember Lot's Wife.

Lot's wife had many privileges, but she perished. Lot's wife had a religious husband, but she perished. Lot's wife had often been prayed for, but she perished. Lot's wife had a good example set her, but she perished. Lot's wife was led by angels out of Sodom, but she perished. Lot's wife only looked around, but she was damned for that look. She lingered when she should have made haste, and God left her. Mercy drew her, but she grieved mercy, and mercy forsook her. Where mercy left her, justice found her, and destruction seized her. She loved Sodom, and would love Sodom, and God gave her her bad love to the full. The Lord took her out of Sodom, but she took Sodom out of Sodom with her. "Let me get a last look at my idol," she said, and she got a last look with a vengeance. "She is joined to her idols," said the jealous God, "let her alone," and she was terribly let alone; she became a pillar of salt. Sodom was more to her than her daughters, her husband, her soul, or God. In judgment she was welded to her evil choice. She died in fellowship with those who "suffer the vengeance of eternal fire."—Selected.

A Hindoo Pentecost.

200 HINDOOS DELIBERATELY RENOUNCE THEIR FAITH AND BECOME SALVATIONISTS.

161 People Desire to Take Christian Names in Place of Their Own.

The Xmas spent in the Nanjindu Division will ever be a memorable time to those who were privileged to be there. At an officers' meeting, held some days previously, the officer stationed at the village of T— reported that he had been visiting and talking with the Hindu people of his own and neighboring villages, and that quite a large number were anxious to publicly seek salvation, and become members of the S. A. Would the Major appoint a day? What could possibly be more appropriate than Xmas Day? So it was decided upon. We went to the village in bandies from the Headquarters, and on arrival were met by a number of soldiers who were excited at receiving such a number of visitors. They very kindly provided food for all. This over, there was a march, and the people poured in from the surrounding villages. When the meeting commenced, several hundred people were gathered, and still they came. After a number of testimonies and a clear talk on salvation by Staff-Capt. Yusuf Pathan, Major Yesu Ratnam explained

"What the Salvation Army Soldier Must Be."

All who had come there with the avowed object of seeking the salvation of God were then asked to rise. The soldiers remained seated while the hitherto Hindu neighbors one by one quietly rose, until about 200 people, including children, were on their feet. They were again urged to be thoroughly sincere in what they did. If they were really anxious to renounce their old sins, give up their evil practices, break their idols and give up drink, they were urged to kneel with us in prayer. Major Devasseri led the petitions, as they besought the Great God and Father of us all to have mercy and forgive all their past sins and help them henceforth to live holy, consistent lives. There was another song of rejoicing, another shout of victory, and we went home to ponder on and praise God for the wonderful sight we had just seen. 161 names were handed in from these new converts. Who asked that NEW NAMES might be given to them, so that all their neighbors and friends might know what they had done. We could not do it all that night, so Major Devasseri promised to come again and bring with him a string of 161 new names, so they all might be suitably supplied. That will be an interesting meeting. Perhaps someone will report it to the Cry. These people have lived side by side with Salvationists for the past six years, so that they knew fully what they were doing, and it might be regarded as a healthy sign of our work in that neighborhood. We all felt that God was good to us in the matter of weather. It rained nearly all day, and then cleared up so as to allow us to hold our meeting, which was, of course, in the open-air. As soon as we were again on the road home, the rain so much needed came on again.—India's Cry.

WRECKED.

It is said that "The steamer Drummond Castle, bound from South Africa to London, struck on the rocks off the island of Ushant and sank in two minutes. Two hundred and fifty-three persons on board and only two escaped. The passengers were chiefly women and children. The little ship was asleep below and the adults were on deck, all watching for the first view of the English shore which was soon to be in sight. Suddenly the ship struck and before the boats could be lowered she sank like lead. The light house was hidden by fog on that fatal night."

This in the night of sin multitudes are being wrecked on the rocks of Rejection of Salvation. Betrayed by the fog of Worldliness and Formality, they sink beneath the waves of a Lost Eternity. Mariners on Life's seas, beware of hidden rocks!

Captain Does Not Faint Easily.

Here's an Army item, just dropped into the slot:—Sunday afternoon the Captain had occasion to refer to the unscheduled of an attendant at the barracks—a young chap who had come to seek and reminded to do it. The Captain mildly reproved the ill-conduct and gently requested the offender to absent himself in future. "I wonder at the nice young man," the officer proceeded. "And if you saw how elegantly he dresses and how neatly he parts his hair in the middle, you'd wonder too." "That was more than the youth could stand. He rose and stalked out of the barracks, exclaiming: "That's none of your — business! I'll go, but I'll wait for you outside, you old stiff." The Captain only smiled pityingly.

Did the bold, brave man wait for the Captain outside? Oh, I dunno. Don't think he did. Anyway, the Captain's the kind of a man who wouldn't have fallen down in a faint, if he did.—Barrie Gazette.

East Ontario, Quebec and Vermont, in addition to 4 Sergt-Majors, have 20 Publication Sergeants, a good formation of wards and Regulation Books. The Sergt-Majors are:

Comrades, Portland, Barre, White, Brockville, Simmonds, Kingston, Scruton, Montreal.

Hindoo Pentecost.

ODDS DELIBERATELY RENOUNCE
THEIR FAITH AND BECOME
SALVATIONISTS.

People Desire to Take Christian
Faith in Place of Their Own.

Christmas spent in the Nandnadu
will ever be a memorable
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At an officers' meeting, held
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on all their past sins and
henceforth to live holy con-
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another shout of victory,
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for the wonderful sight
seen. 161 names were
from these new converts,
that NEW NAMES might
them, so that all their
and friends might know
had done. We could not
at night, so Major Devasseri
come again and bring with
of 101 new names, so they
suitably applied. That
interesting meeting. Per-
he will report it to the
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THE WAR CRY.

3



DEAD TO THE WORLD.

THE form of worship of the early
Christians was, like Christ's life,
simplicity itself. Prayers offered
from sincere hearts and with con-
centrated lips, the singing of hymns,
the simple breaking of bread, looking
after the poor, visiting the sick, con-
forting the dying—all this was simple
and without formality. Sincerity is
near kin to simplicity and seldom
keeps company with elaborate cere-
monies.

With the growth and spreading of
Christianity more complicated organiza-
tion was introduced, and some sort
of uniformity of worship became desir-
able. But the forms and ceremonies
once formulated were continually
elaborated upon; in addition to the
many former Jewish observances, a
multitude of new rites were compiled
and invented. There can be little
doubt but that nearly all these cere-
monies were introduced with an en-
thusiastic and zealous desire to promote
devout worship and Christian purity.
But, alas! history has proved that a
multiplication of forms tends to work
rather towards the decay than the re-
vival of holy living.

It was thus in the early days of the
Israelites. The many laws, the types
and observances which God gave to
His chosen people through Moses, in
order to unite them into a nation of
priests, last only too quickly their
spiritual significance, and became a
mere cover for corruption, the shining
sepulchre of rotting righteousness.
Yea, the very forms of observances
and sacrifices prescribed by the Mo-
saic law became hateful to God; so
we find it expressed through His
prophets, especially Isaiah:

"To what purpose is the multitude of your
sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord: I am full of
burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fat beasts;
and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of
lambs. . . . Bring no more vain oblations; incense
is an abomination unto me; the new moons and
Sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot
away with: it is iniquity, even the solemn meet-
ing. Your new moons and appointed feasts
my soul hateth. They are a trouble unto me; I
am weary to bear them."

WHAT WAS THE REASON OF
THE ALMIGHTY'S WEARI-
NESS WITH HIS OWN CODE OF LAWS?
It was, because the form, instead of
clothing a spirit alive only to God and
righteousness, had become a cloak for
godlessness and unrighteousness.

And yet it is the most natural thing
for humanity to seek to adorn and
ornament their form of worship; the
affections of the heart offered to the
Creator seem to create a desire to
associate service with beauty and sig-
nificant rites, to capture the eye and
ear of the worshipper and direct his
attention in a channel of common
service.

Our picture shows us the prostrate
form of a man, who, tired at heart of
the world which has deceived him,
betrayed his most sacred trust, and
blighted his fondest hopes, has sought
refuge for himself by taking the vow
of the order, and so voluntarily to be
confined to the seclusion of the mon-
astery.

An Impressive Ceremony.

No one who contemplates the above
picture can deny that the service of
imitation is a most impressive one, as
far as human agency can make it so.
The novice is laying on the floor cov-
ered with the funeral cloth in which a
large cross is worked. The leading
bishop performs the funeral rite over
the man, who, by taking the vow, is
supposed to die to the world, and rise
a new man, consecrated only to the
service of the order. He has said
good-bye to former friends forever,
and even to his name, for henceforth
he will be only known as Brother
Augustin among his new associates.
But is he dead to the world? For
the moment there may be upmost
a feeling of quietness and relief, hav-

ing escaped the whirl of life and its
disappointments; but are those am-
bitions for worldly fame, those appet-
ites for worldly diversions and pleas-
ure, those longings for gay society
really dead, or are they only sleeping?

Many a one has, in a fit of disgust,
brought on by too rapid indulgences
and subsequent disappointments (mag-
nified beyond all proportions), in a
sort of remorse more than in genuine
repentance, sought peace with all the
factors of unrest still in his breast,
although sleeping at the time the
sleep of exhaustion. Many a one has
sought to secure the blessings of a
consecrated life, without making the
entire consecration, and deceived him-
self into a belief that he has obtained
that most precious gift, only to wake
up suddenly to find himself still in the
grip of those powers from which he
sought escape. Confession alone will
not do it; going through a form will
not do it, however impressive and elab-
orate such may be; testifying to it
will not do it; running away from
embarrassing surroundings will not
do it; making of solemn vows will
not do it!

Dead to the World.

God does not want us to be dead IN
the world, but only dead TO it. Jesus
prayed for His disciples, not that they
should be taken out of the world, but
that they should be kept blameless in
the world, and overcome the world.
Here is the secret! Consecration, a
complete consecration, must precede
entire sanctification; faith must bring
sanctification from the sky into our
lives; but only actual fighting of the
opposing forces and successful over-
coming will make sanctification a
blessed reality. Before the fruits of
holiness can be enjoyed there must be
a planting by faith into the consecrated
ground of our hearts the seed of

purity, and the heat of the battle is
necessary to draw forth the blade and
the stem and the flower until, watered
by the blessings of God, we enjoy all
its fruits: joy, peace, etc.

Remember that our past sins, fail-
ures, mistakes, wrongs and excuses
are living things that surround us and
feed upon our spiritual strength. We
can no more escape them than we can
outrun our own shadows; they are
our children and claim subsistence
until we rise up and slay them. This
is the sin of marrying strange wives,
when our affections are given to things
opposed to God. The issue of such
union will be children who will blind
and betray us. We must not only
divorce ourselves from evil at the
moment of conversion, but we must
also slay without pity every worldly
ambition and appetite.

Then we shall enter into rest. Our
safe hiding place within us will be
guarded by a wall of fire, and we
shall live and fight for God in this
world with power and success. Then
shall we be dead to the world in truth,
and no whitened sepulchre is needed to
cover over the sleeping demon of self,
to appear dead and yet be alive to it
and suffer the tortures of untold secret
struggles.

Only the man who dedicates himself,
and all that he has, to the service of the
Master, will get all the Master has to
give.

THE Easter War Cry

Enlarged Issue.
Artistic Cover, in colors.
Excellent Illustrations.
Choice Reading.

ONLY FIVE CENTS.



Montana Memos.

Notable Wedding at Livingston—Adjutants McDonald and Gibbs Join Hands—Butte has a New Barracks—Sheridan Cuts a New Drum—Montana Booms the Siege.

Brigadier Howell has just returned from a trip through Montana. The most important event of the trip was the marriage of Adjts. McDonald and Gibbs, at Livingston, at which place Adj. Gibbs had been resting with her old friend, Ensign May. Both the Adjutants are well-known officers, having done long and good service in the Army. Both have been successful and popular in the West as well as elsewhere. The happy event took place in the Methodist Church. Among the visiting friends was Ensign Stalgers, who seemed to take great interest in the ceremony. Ensign May was also present and took a very important part; the bridegroom declared that she looked quite wise. There were also present Capt. Southall and Lieut. Galt. This being the first Army wedding in Livingston, of course it created great interest. A Livingston paper has this to say:

"The Salvation Army wedding at the Methodist Church last evening was well worth attending. Alexander McDonald and Gertrude Gibbs were the high contracting parties, and while there was a good deal of shouting and a plethora of brass drum beating, the wedding was a very entertaining affair and was witnessed by a considerable crowd, who seemed to appreciate a number of things besides the solemnity of the occasion. Brigadier Thomas Howell, of Spokane, presided at the wedding and performed the marriage ceremony.

The Brigadier is a Hot Number,

and the contracting parties received some pretty warm joshing from the master of ceremonies, who had known them during their term of service in the Army for the past decade. A number of guests from out of town attended the ceremony and telegrams of congratulation were read from those who did not attend. A wedding supper was served at the barracks after the ceremony had been performed. The pair will make their home in Bozeman and will not be actively engaged in Army work, their health being seriously impaired by their long term of service."

The audience seemed to enjoy the event very much. The contracting parties were recipients of congratulations from all sides. The soldiers and friends provided a wedding supper at the barracks. After the ceremony was over about forty soldiers and friends sat down and partook of the repast. Some after-supper speeches were given by soldiers and officers, and the bride and groom replied in a very suitable manner, thanking their comrades and friends for their well wishes. This closes another chapter in the lives of Adjts. McDonald and Gibbs.

The P. O. visited Billings, Sheridan, Bozeman, Butte, Dillon, Anaconda and Missoula. The crowds at each place were very satisfactory. The outlook in Montana is most encouraging.

Adj. Hay has secured a good barracks at Butte, and the work is going ahead. Capt. Bailey and her Lieutenant are doing a good work at Missoula. They have only been there a few weeks, and already have a crowded platform. Things are brightening up.

At Sheridan, during the P. O.'s visit, the audience gave donations sufficient to purchase a drum, after ordinary collections had been taken up. Anaconda is on the up grade. So is Bozeman and Dillon. Montana will do well for the Siege, notwithstanding all the storms they have had this winter.—T. H.

NOTICE.

WE can supply our soldiers and friends with coal and wood of the best quality at market prices. Phone 701, or call at 201 Victoria St., and leave us your order. Prompt attention will be given to it. By dealing with us you will help to find work for the unemployed.

Any friend or soldier visiting Toronto will do well to try our up-to-date meals, at 106, Dining Hall, 201 Victoria St. W. H. BURROWS, Ensign.

Back to the Land!

A March Trip to the Salvation Army Industrial Farm, York County—Fine Set of Buildings—Prosperous Live Stock, etc.



Take the unskilled unemployed out of the overcrowded labor market of the city, and put him on the land to raise a sustenance from the soil, is the aim of our farm colonies; it is, however not the end of our social work in that or any other branch, for our final aim in view is always, and in all schemes, the regeneration of the inner man by genuine change of heart.

The General's Darkest England Scheme—which aroused world-wide comment some years ago, and which has since been put through all its proposed stages on a more or less large scale in order to prove the theories laid down in it to be correct—advocated the simple rule, that in order to preach the Gospel to the hungry with

operation; one in Colorado and another at Fort Romie, Cal.

A blue sky, a smiling sun, blossoming trees, sprouting fields and skipping lambs at pasture are always alluring to city people to go into the country, and under such circumstances a trip to the Salvation Army Industrial Farm on Bathurst St., York County, is a pleasure and a recreation, but your modest reporter did not wait for such encouragements. Being under a solemn obligation to go, threatening sky, and bleak March winds could not daunt his courage.

"Meet me at my home at nine in the morning," were the Colonel's orders, who happened to be going out the same day. So punctually at nine, possibly two or three minutes later (for



ADJ. AND MRS. MYLES, Newly Appointed Governors of S. A. Farm.

effect, you must first feed him; to the homeless, you must first provide some shelter; to the unemployed, you must give them the means of earning their living. This is the foundation on which all our numerous social institutions throughout the world are reared. Bearing the foregoing statement in mind, the reader will be able to rightly appreciate what we may have to say about the S. A. farm near Toronto. We may just state here, that the casual unemployed, who only require temporary help for one or only a few days, may find such help in our wood-yards, and the cheap shelters connected with such; the farm is meant to help those who are unable for one or another reason to earn their livelihood in the city, and who possibly may be able to learn sufficient or agricultural pursuits to enable them to find positions with other farmers, or go to the newly settled portions of the territory, where land may be had for the working of it. Here also the proposed colony was to step in, by providing the means to the settler of obtaining implements and seed for the first crop. We have none of these colonies in Canada, but in the United States already several of that kind are in

operation. One in Colorado and another at Fort Romie, Cal. A blue sky, a smiling sun, blossoming trees, sprouting fields and skipping lambs at pasture are always alluring to city people to go into the country, and under such circumstances a trip to the Salvation Army Industrial Farm on Bathurst St., York County, is a pleasure and a recreation, but your modest reporter did not wait for such encouragements. Being under a solemn obligation to go, threatening sky, and bleak March winds could not daunt his courage.

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your reporter lives about four miles west of the Colonel, and as the time is always getting slower going west, the difference may be accounted for in that manner) the reporter was at the appointed spot and found the Chief Secretary already waiting with a trap and an animal hitched to it, which the Colonel described to me as a \$100 horse!

"It is not an Army horse," said the Colonel, with a sort of apologetic intonation. "Somebody wants to buy it for that price."

"Are you going to buy it?" the reporter asked.

"No fear; we don't buy horses of this kind at that price!"

Before we got to the farm and back again, the reporter was of the opinion that the Army should get a premium for taking the animal off the owner's hands. It was a big horse; it was past seven years, in fact, I query whether it would remember what happened to it at that age; it would walk most carefully and was not in the least scared of the electric cars, on the contrary, it would actually stand and look at one as it passed, so as to give you to understand that you are quite safe with him. You might

have quite safely laid the reins upon his neck and fired a gun close to his ears—his nerves must have been of iron. But without further description of all the legion of individualities of that notable steed, I would state that we finally, after many and various ways of coaxing and more or less rigorous arguments with the "boss," reached the farm, where we fortunately found a nice coal stove capable of imparting a genuine glow to our stiffened extremities.

It so happened that it was the Field Commissioner's day of inspection at the farm (Miss Booth always personally inspects the farm once each week, when not on tour). For that reason your modest reporter did not stay as long by the whirling stove as he would have been tempted had he been alone with Brigadier Gaskin. Following in the train of the Field Commissioner and Colonel what inspects the stock, your reporter was quickly convinced that Miss Booth knew a few things about live stock and other farm topics, and once or twice rubbed his eyes to see whether it was not a practical farm mistress, who was lecturing some citizens. Your reporter, in the interest of the general public, did pick up enough of professional farm talk to be able to speak like an old farmer. Berkshire hogs, Lehigh cows and Jersey pigs, and has also learned the difference between turnips, mangel wurzels, ensilage and other roots. (Correct me, if I'm wrong.)

Leaving the cosy and home-like farm house, where Brother and Sister Madden are holding forth (both are possibly well-known to a large number of our readers, many of whom will remember "Johnny Madden, the boy preacher," and his uncle, the former Staff-Captain Madden, now in Glory), we first visited the cow-stable, which occupies the greatest part underneath the spacious barn. There forty head of cattle stood in four long rows and a few stalls. Most of these cattle were cows, two bulls and a few calves and steers. The breeds, I was told by Brigadier Gaskin, were some thorough Jerseys, Holsteins and Durhams, and others of cosmopolitan parentage, the exact classification of which I was unable to retain in my overtaxed cranium; suffice it to state that the Field Commissioner designated them as that sort of a cross breed which is considered in this country the best and most profitable one for farms like ours.

In one unoccupied corner, under an ingeniously temporized wire cage, your reporter noticed some fowl, and upon inquiry was informed that the hen-birds had not been suitably arranged yet for the reception of that fine species of birds. I thought the Brigadier called them shortbills, but my wife assures me that it should be leghorns; whatever is right, I did not see any horns on them whatever.

Passing from the cow-stable through the root-cellar, where mostly turnips were stored in large quantities, we entered the horse-stables. The attendant there assured me that at present fourteen horses are at the farm, and they are all fairly worked; they looked well-fed and contented, and I am quite sure that every one of them could have easily outstripped the borrowed wag which took us to the institution.

After going through some healthy gymnastics in the endeavor to mount an upright ladder, and through a narrow hole which could be easily, successfully, and hermetically sealed by Major Collier in the attempt to pass through, we emerged in the upper part of the barn, which, correctly speaking, is the first story or ground floor to the north, but the second story to the south. In the barn is stored, in spite of the advanced season, still a good quantity of hay, oats, peas, lucerne, etc., all of which is here for the feeding of the live stock. During the last season the farm has for the first time raised not only all the hay, grain, and other feed needed for the cattle, horses, pigs, sheep and hens, but has also been able to sell nearly twenty tons out of the total crop of over 150 tons of hay, and that at the very best market price of \$9.50 per ton, which is from \$1.00 to \$1.50 more than the average price paid for hay. The crop of oats amounted to about 3,500 bushels, of which about one-third are still in the bins. In addition to about three hundred tons of roots, considerable quantities of peas, beans, barley and rye were harvested last fall.

In the centre of the barn floor a countershaft is fastened on a cross beam, the power for it and the ma-



BROTHER AND SISTER MADDEN, who are holding forth at the farm.

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BROTHER MADDOEN AND WIFE,
Assistant Managers, S. A. Farm.

chinery attached to it being
derived from a windmill on
top of the barn. A ranning
mill, a chopper, and a cutting
machine, as well as a grindug stove
and other machinery, can be run al-
most any day, except when there is
absolutely no wind.

A pleasant interruption was made
here in our tour of inspection. I for-
get whether it was a bell or a whistle
—anyway that was only the means to
the end—to notify us that dinner was
ready. With surprising agility the
men and "us" made our way to the
various places where dinner was
served.

The conversation during the dinner
hour was most edifying. Colonel
Jacobs, who is an authority on pigs,
their qualities and uses, said much
that was new and of interest to the
reporter, but the latter was so eagerly
engaged re-imbursing his digestive
organs with nourishments, that much
has been lost that might have been
lauded down to posterity through the
pages of the War Cry. Your reporter
has only retained in his memory those
things which the ever-obliging Briga-
dier Gaskin has refreshed by subse-
quent conversation.

The weather being dull, the Com-
missioner, shortly after dinner, in-
sisted that your reporter should make
the most of the light to take pictures
with the camera, which he had bor-
rowed for the occasion. So, in com-
pany with Brigadier Gaskin, the sec-
ond part of inspection was proceeded
with. We passed en route to the Pigs'
Palace, a very useful building, the
blacksmith shop, and took a photo of
the blacksmith at the anvil.

Our blacksmith, by the way, is a
sort of fixture to be counted in
the farm inventory. He
shoes horses and does a thou-
sand jobs, which, in a surprising
manner, turn up daily for attention.

Arriving at the pigs' habitation we
were at once struck with the clean
and healthy appearance of the build-
ing. There was on one side of the
entrance a large steam boiler, for the
boiling of the feed for the pigs, and
another clean and trim room for kil-
ling and dressing the remains of the
sold animals. Through a door we
came into a long narrow building with
low roof; in the centre is a concrete
walk and on each side are the pens for
each family of pigs (pardon my ignor-
ance; I did not know whether herd
or flock is correct, so I call them fam-
ilies, which sounds more respectful
for clean pigs like the S. A. swine). I
found in the piggery about 140 pigs of
all ages and classes; there were some
Berkshire and other breeds, but the
majority were "Salvation Army
breed," as Lieutenant "George" said,
and Brigadier Gaskin added, "A selen-
thie cross which gives the best results
for the feed and care bestowed upon
them, and grows the finest meat."

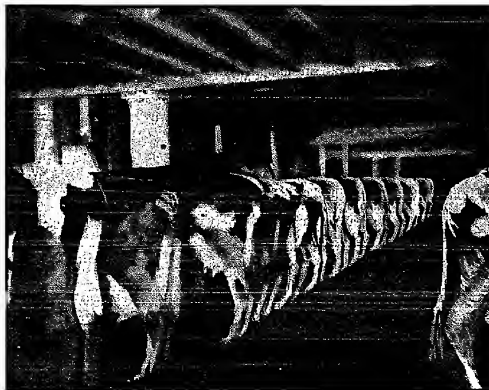
"Any hog-cholera?" your reporter
questioned.

"No, sir, we had only two or three
pigs die that I can remember," replied
the Governor. "We raised 450 pigs
here last year, and we have been able
to sell our pigs from 50 to 75 cents
above market price."

Here I remember what the Colonel
said, when I asked him about the
purpose of raising pigs. "You see,"
he said, "We walk our crops to mar-
ket on four legs rather than cart it
there in big loads." This meant that
he would rather feed the crops raised
to pigs and cattle, and sell pork, but-
ter, eggs, and chickens than to sell
hay and other products of the land
direct.

A windmill is centrally located to
supply water for the stables, piggery
and henery. The latter is situated
north of the piggery, and has five runs
with about 150 hens. This is only in
its infancy, but after a few months
the Governor expects to derive consid-
erable financial help from the eggs
and spring chickens produced there.

I should add here that the milk from
the cows is only used to make butter,
and the skim milk fed to the pigs.
The whole idea of the farm is not so
much to make the greatest profit, but
to give the greatest amount of em-
ployment to men in need of such.



COW STABLES, S. A. FARM.

There is sufficient market gardening
done to supply the needs of the officers
and colonists, and in addition to the
fruit trees already on the farm when
the S. A. secured the same, over two
hundred apple, plum, cherry, peach and
walnut trees have been planted last
year, as well as four hundred small
fruit bushes, such as currants, goose-
berries, raspberries, etc.

About the men on the farm, their
home, their history, their habits, our
next meetings on the farm and of-
ficers, etc., I will write in my next in-
stallment. There is much that is in-
teresting yet to be written.

Ensign Hayes wrote some time ago
telling of a beautiful conversion of a
prisoner in Regina jail, through the
League of Mercy meetings conducted
there.



DWELLING HOUSES, S. A. FARM.

WORKING BOYS' HOME.

Brigadiers Compila and Mrs. Read
conducted a special meeting in the
Working Boys' Home, in Toronto.
Much interest in address given, also
in the music and singing of other H.
Q. Staff Officers present. Staff-Capt.
Morris, Ensigns Burrows and Nellie
Griffiths, Capt. Easton and Redburn
took part.

Social Chips

FROM THE G. S. DEPARTMENT.

Adj. Dodd, of Spokane Social
Branch, is vigorously pushing the
Siege. In addition to other things, he
has organized a finance scheme to
clear off liabilities and provide capital
for further enlargements of the in-
dustries for the out-of-workers.

He is also attempting to bring the
work of the Institution before the at-
tention of the people of Spokane, by
meetings in the churches, and has al-
ready had two very successful meet-
ings. He writes:

"Things are looking up in the West.
Our Wood Yard is only two months
old, and has proved a blessing to hun-
dreds of men. WE HAVE HELPED
ON AN AVERAGE FROM 85 TO 100
PER WEEK. We expect to be able
to help 500 men per week next winter.
The citizens are going to help us to
get the wood. I have asked them for
\$1,200 to buy wood with, and I be-
lieve I shall get it."

A Shelter commander writes:

"I sometimes feel sorry that I can-
not report the same spiritual success
in the Social Work as in corps; yes,
when I think of the peculiar circum-
stances that the men are placed in, the
littles with every possible fend of the
lower regions with which they have to
combat, and the dependent spirit that
continually baunts them, I cannot won-
der at times that they find it next to
impossible to get on their feet and
trust in God. When they learned to
curse from their childhood. Neverthe-
less, I am confident that our God can
give them new hearts, new desires
and new ambitions. The effect of our
meetings upon some of the men is
very encouraging."

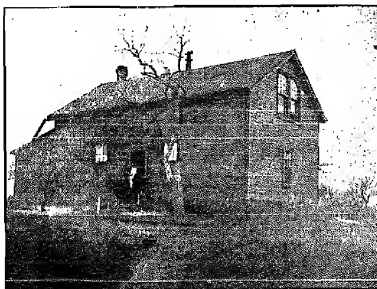
One of our employees has been help-
ed back into the City of Peace since
my last letter. He, for some days,
could not claim victory, but now he
praises God for giving back to his
soul the blessing.

Besides finding odd hours of work
for a few men we have succeeded in
finding a good home for one of our
aged men—a man of good ability and
good health, yet having no home. This
is especially encouraging, because he
has no bad habits, but has for some
time lived for God. And so our work
rolls on, each week bringing new
cases and new experiences. We have
a real good time each morning in the
prayer meeting."

PETERBORO SPECIAL.

Social and Prison Work—New
League of Mercy.

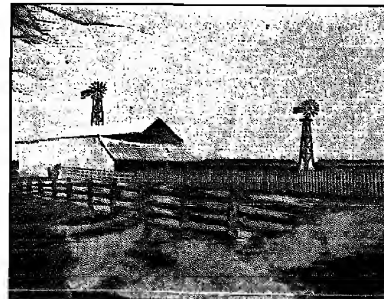
A three days' campaign was con-
ducted by the Women's Social Secre-
tary. Alderman Sawyers presided
Sunday afternoon. Band played wel-
come. People intensely interested.
Story, "Rumant's Driftwood." Night
address to young men. Three souls at
the Cross. Monday, Mrs. Read ar-
ranged with officials for meetings to
be held regularly at jail. At night
commissioned League of Mercy. Most
impressive service. Many in tears.
Gentleman send up \$5 at close for
commencement of League work. Peo-
ple stayed until 10:30. Good crowds
at all the gatherings, considering
counter attractions. Prospects for
League's success bright. Corps flour-
ishing. All praise to God!



COLONIST HOUSE, S. A. FARM.



THE BLACKSMITH, S. A. FARM.



VIEW OF STABLES AND PIGGERIES.



SWORD AND SHIELD.

the will of God, but who carry out every detail of that will to the letter.

TUESDAY.

Happy is the Man Who is Consistent.
—Romans xiv. 22.

Some people profess to be able to serve God while allowing themselves not a few indulgences; others do away with everything doubtful and selfish. The latter are the happier of the two, though they may least strive to be. Ill-matched things cause irritation and unrest. True happiness is only possible where profession and practice are in tune.

WEDNESDAY.

Happy is the Wise Man.—Prov. iii. 13.

Ignorance is often a source of weakness and alarm. People who don't know much have much to fear, consequently know little real happiness. Seek to know as much as possible, especially of the mind of God and how to further His purposes in the world. Sanctified understanding may be a very anchor of peace amid life's buffeting.

THURSDAY.

Happy is the Man Who has Righteous Fear.—Prov. xxviii. 14.

Courage is a great producer of happiness, but most of it is brought by that kind of courage which knows also a holy fear. A fear to do wrong is no bondage. A dread of sin united to a daring devotion to righteousness cannot fail to give a peaceful spirit.

FRIDAY.

Happy is the Merciful Man.—Prov. xiv. 21.

After all, kind people are much the happiest. The man who snarls and sneers and is always treating on other people's toes is as much a nuisance to himself as anybody else. Those who do good feel good—the mercies they have given return redoubled upon their own heart and life.

QUARTERLY REVIEW OF OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSONS.

Our study deals this week not so much with the details of any one subject as with the general outlines of several. It is, in fact, more of a review of the last twelve lessons which we have gone through this year.

They have had to do with the first recorded events in the history of the world. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of a good understanding of the primary part of Scripture. It is a common fault with many people to confine their reading to the New Testament, which, though it is very essential and necessary, being the record of the kingdom of the new dispensation, it by no means contains a full account of all God's dealings with man.

Again, the study of the creation and the lives of our earliest forefathers is especially instructive, because it declares the first covenants made between God and man. The histories of Adam and Eve, of Abraham, Jacob and Joseph reveal the agreement which God made with man—the terms by which He promised that provision and security, without which Divine supplies all life would become wretched and not worth the living.

The peep into the Garden of Eden, which the first chapters of Genesis give, reveals first the great liberty which God permitted man. There were no restrictions, save one, upon the mode of living. In this freedom which God has arranged should be the birth-

SATURDAY.

Happy is the Man Who Endures.—James v. 11.

A great deal of joy is missed by those who hesitate and waver. There is true satisfaction derived from the mere fact of holding on, no matter what difficulties assail. And if endurance in the battle of life is necessary to the possession of happiness here, how much more is it essential to the gain of happiness that is eternal!

We don't blow a
great deal
But
We promise
A REAL
GOOD
EASTER
WAR
CRY!
For only 5 cents.

POVERTY.

There are those who are kept in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who is all the time complaining of his poverty, and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs and chews and smokes, and is full to the chin with whiskey and beer.—Talmage.

UNDER THE GOOD OLD ARMY FLAG.

"Under the good old Army flag,
Under the good old Army flag,
If there's a lion and a lamb,
I'll reach my home on high,
Under the good old Army flag."

By ADJT. GIDEON MILLER.

SOME years ago there lived an old lady in one of our Eastern corps who was very fond of this chorus, but she was a very bothersome woman and forever making trouble for all around her. Things got so bad, in fact, that they had to put her off the platform. She then made up her mind to be a Presbyterian and joined that church. It was not long, however, till she got into trouble there and had to be put out. She went to the Methodists next, but here, as in other places, failed to live right and was dismissed. Then she came back to the Army. Being unwilling to make a confession of her wrong, they would not allow her on the platform. She was, nevertheless, a very determined old lady, and as she had so many times sang and promised "to live and die under the good old Army Flag," she was going to carry it out.

One day while some special meetings were on at the corps, the flag was flying from the pole on the barracks roof. The old lady got a ladder, and with the aid of a little boy, succeeded in getting the flag down. After taking it home she sewed a nice border on it and made it into a covering for her bed, and for some years, I'm told, the old lady had the joy of sleeping under the good old Army Flag. Some time ago death came, and the old lady died as she lived, "under the good old Army Flag."

The above is one way of living and dying under the Army Flag. But to live under the Army Flag means something more than to have a bit of bunting in yellow, red and blue over you; it means that we must be all that those colors represent, and that is a great deal.

The RED is a symbol of the Blood of Christ, which was shed for you and me on Calvary's cross. Thank God, there is power in the Blood of Christ to make the foulest clean, to blot out the great black catalogue of sin and set the prisoner free; to raise up those who are bound down and make them sit in heavenly places with Christ Jesus.

BLUE to all the world announces purity from sin; holiness without which no man shall see the Lord. "This is the will of the Lord, even our sanctification." "That we might be saved from our enemies (inward forces), and that being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life."



The YELLOW is a symbol of the Holy Ghost. We read in Acts xix, when Paul came to Ephesus and found certain disciples he said unto them, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" And they said, "We have not so much as heard if there be any Holy Ghost." While they had repented of their sin and were justified by faith, yet they had not received the Holy Ghost. When they heard of this they were baptized, and they spoke with tongues and prophesied.

There are many to-day who have believed to the saving of their soul yet they have no power for service.

Have ye received the Holy Ghost?
"Will it be you for the fight,
To put your foes to flight."

Weekly Watchword:

Keep Smiling.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it.

To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falters,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eye still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
Where the ominous clouds are rifted;
There was never a night without a day.

Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass to an idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown.

Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of cold water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a steady heart,
And hands that are swift and willing.

Than to snap the delicate minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

Daily Tonic.

SUNDAY.

Happy are the Children of God.—I's. cxliv. 15.

Those who would live happy lives must live good lives. Heavenly joys can be enjoyed by hearts on earth, but only by those who are the children of God. Salvation, which gives a man the entrance into the Kingdom, puts the seed of eternal happiness into the heart, which, if guarded and nurtured, will flourish into contentment's sweetest foliage, no matter what dull circumstances the soul may surround.

MONDAY.

Happy is the Man Who Heeds as Well as Hears.—John xiii. 17.

The privilege of hearing good is a great one, but it will remain an unappropriated blessing unless the good heard has practical effect upon the life and character. Happy saints are those who not only know much of

HINDR TO

IX.—Caroles, I
Ezekiel xxxiv.

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X.—With
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XII.—M
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IDEON MILLER.

to-day who have
 living of their soul
 power for service.
 the Holy Ghost ?
 for the fight,
 in a mighty host
 to flight.

More news from

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Lieutenant Burt, of St. John Rescue Home, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Hicks, of the Maternity Hospital, St. John, to be Captain.

Cadet Meads, of Toronto Women's Shelter, to be Lieutenant.

Marriage—

Captain William Huntingdon, of Tillsonburg, to Captain Annie Graham, of the North-West Province, on Tuesday, March 7th, at Ridgetown, by Staff-Captain Phillips.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



In Quarantine.

Recent news about the General informs us that he has arrived all well at Albany, but on account of disease existing on board, the ship was quarantined. It was feared first that this would mean a forced abstinence from communication with the shore for some weeks possibly, but a later cable announced that the passengers had been released, and that no alteration of the General's campaign was necessary, with the exception of cancelling two appointments. To all accounts the General, notwithstanding the heavy strain upon him, continues in satisfactory health. Everybody continues to pray for our beloved General.

The Commander's Illness.

Commander Booth-Tucker has just passed through a severe and serious sickness. It is with much relief that we are able to announce that he is now fairly recovered, although not in a condition for some time yet to be at his office in our splendid New York Headquarters.

The Field Commissioner.

The continued precarious health of our beloved leader is a source of anxiety to those around her, and a constant menace to the Field Commissioner, who has been repeatedly compelled to cancel or postpone appointments on that account, although much against her will. We pray that God, in His mercy, may intervene and restore vigor and strength to one who has so unreservedly served His cause and so bravely and successfully promoted the Kingdom. We are sure that it only requires this notice to solicit the fervent prayers of thousands of officers, soldiers and friends on the behalf of Miss Booth's health.

Sign of the Time.

The line of demarcation between church and state has nowhere become so distinct and so wide as in France. In addition to having religion and all religious inferences, even to the name of God, obliterated from her public school books, and the word God also erased from her coin and government insignia, the following clipping from the Globe will show how other steps have been taken by the Paris courts towards the national decline of religion:

"The excessive cost of marriage in Paris seems to have been offset by the new law establishing free divorce.

The Paris divorce court devotes Thursday to gratuitous divorces. One day recently 294 couples were divorced during a session of four hours, an average of more than one divorce a minute. The applicants belong to the working class, in which divorces were rare before the passage of the new law."

SIEGE SPECIAL.

Newfoundland Getting Souls Saved

War Cry readers will be pleased to learn that Newfoundland is doing their utmost in the Siege effort. Officers are full of faith and fire for a glorious revival. Reports to hand from ten corps, which give a total of over 200 souls captured for the week. These are the corps:

Corborneau	31
Harbor Grace	14
Bay Roberts	24
Twillingate	22
Clareville	17
St. John's I.	20
St. John's II.	18
Dildo	10
Hunts Harbor	12
Western Bay	22

Total 205

J. D. SHARP,
Provincial Officer.



Planning, scheming and arranging for future meetings is the order of the day. A campaign in the Pacific and North-West Provinces, by the Commissioner, is almost settled. Possibly some of the corps that have been visited by her will be substituted for others which have never had the pleasure of a visit up to the present time. This is only fair. In the meantime watch for future announcements. Pray and believe for Holy Ghost times.

The C. S. paid a visit to Ottawa this week partly on business connected with the property and partly to help in the spiritual fight against the powers of darkness. Adjt. Goodwin and Capt. Connors are making a brave fight, and, in a sense, are different from the class of people who expect only to receive their reward in the next world. They are seeing the fruit of their labors, and in this sense getting a present tense reward. We had good times and some seekers at the potent form.

Adjt. McDonald is in charge of the Rescue Home. I was extremely pleased with what I saw and heard. The Siege is going ahead, and the blessing of God resting upon the place in a wonderful manner.

Have just returned to T. H. Q. Find Major and Mrs. Collier have arrived, well and strong and hearty. Expect to receive their new appointment from the Commissioner every moment. Let patience have her perfect work.

Capt. Arnold, the Pacific Province Cashier, is appointed to the Accountants and Property Department at Territorial Headquarters. Ensign Tooko, of the North-West Province, goes to the Pacific Province as Cashier.

The Social Department are very busy making changes in the Toronto Shelter—in fact, revolutionizing the whole of the internal arrangements, which, when finished, will mean considerable saving in expense, and at the same time add to the comfort of all concerned.

Any more changes? Yes! This week it is my duty to announce another very important change. Brigadier Compin, the General Secretary, is forewelling. This will take place at the Temple the latter part of April. The Brigadier will be leaving Toronto. God bless and be with him in his next appointment. The new General Secretary will be announced later.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER AT HAMILTON.

Miss Booth with Her Soldiery of the Ambitious City.

THRILLING SCENES—TWENTY-SEVEN SEEKERS.

THE special soldiers' assembly, which had been promised by the Commissioner on her return from the Newfoundland tour had been looked forward to with great expectancy.

It was a magnificent crowd of soldiers who hailed the Commissioner with a hearty, affectionate volley of welcome as she entered the citadel, accompanied by Brigadier Mrs. Read and Brigadier Gaskin.

"Fight on, Fight on, for Jesus!" was the opening song, and how those soldiers sang it, beating time with hearty hand-clapping. Staff-Capt. Taylor fervently prayed that the expectations of the audience would be fully realized in showers of blessing being poured out upon the waiting throng. Then softly the song-prayer rose from 180 hearts and lips, voicing strong yearnings.

"I am glad He is passing this way." Brigadier Mrs. Read prayed that God wouldunctionize our beloved leader, and that prayer was answered.

The Address Presented.

After Ensign Fletcher had sung "I shall know Him," Sergt.-Major Bailey read the following address of welcome from the Local Officers on behalf of the corps:

Our dear Commissioner,

Your special visit to our city on this occasion to hold a meeting for the spiritual benefit of our soldiers here is an event which we feel we cannot let pass without giving some expression of our hearty appreciation. This meeting is going to give us an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with you, a privilege we prize more than words can express. We, the Local Officers of No. 1 and 2 corps, voice the sentiments of this assembly when we say that we are real glad to welcome you to our city and corps, and we pray that God's choicest blessing be upon you while in our midst and return with you to Toronto. When we consider your vast Territory, and the many matters which claim your attention, we value this privilege of having you with us to-night all the more.

We are confident this meeting will live in the lives of all present, inspiring our hearts with a deeper devotion to God and a greater zeal for the advancement of His Kingdom in the Salvation Army. On behalf of the Local Officers, Soldiers and Recruits of Hamilton 1 and 2 Corps,

Signed by

L. Bailey, Sergt.-Major.

J. S. Harrison, Treas.

H. Daniels, Secy.

No. 1 Corps.

T. Anderson, Treas.

J. S. Matthews, Secy.

No. 2 Corps.

Then the Commissioner, in tender, well-chosen words thanked her soldiery for their kind expression of love, loyalty, and determination. A chorus, then the Commissioner opened her Bible and read from Revelation. It would be impossible to describe that address, the tender pathos, the earnest pleading, the sound reasoning, riveted the attention of her audience from

first to last. For 60 minutes the Commissioner, divinely inspired, spoke to the hearts of her people. Only three or four moved when we knelt in prayer. One by one thirty souls made their way to the Mercy Seat. Number 10 is here: we sing "Even me" until 17 are counted washing in the crimson flood. Over and over we sing the chorus, until at the Commissioner's closing prayer

Twenty-Seven Men and Women have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.

The final scene was very touching. With closed eyes and clasped hands we stood to our feet as the Commissioner committed each one to the tender care of the Heavenly Father. "That His grace and blessing may be with us, making us more than conquerors, even though we pass through great tribulation."

The Commissioner was very worn and weary, but she fought bravely through all the evident weakness. Her Hamilton soldiers love her well.

The arrangements were admirably carried out. Staff-Capt. Taylor is to be congratulated on the same—A. G.

Great Britain.

The Chief-of-the-Staff will visit Holland and Sweden during March.

Self-Denial matters are now claiming all the attention of the British Field.

Over 1,000 policies are added to the Industrial Branch of the Assurance Society each week.

The Commandant's beautiful composition, "The Penitent's Plea," has been issued as a popular solo in sheet music. The edition is nearly sold out.

There were twenty-four seekers for holiness at Mrs. Bramwell Booth's last Regent Hall meeting.

United States.

The Commandeur is much improved in health.

A friend of the Army in Boston has just given his S.-D. donation. It was a check for \$1,000.

The Social Institutions in the United States alone shelter 6,000 poor people nightly. 800 are employed daily, and 2,044,000 clean comfortable lodgings provided per annum.

There are 183 Candidates ordered into training at once.

Joe the Turk's visit to Grand Rapids, Mich., stirred the city. Halls packed and souls to each meeting.

The prospects for reaching the Self-Denial target are brilliant.

Italy.

The campaign at Turin was closed on Sunday night with a row of fourteen souls at the Mercy Seat. This is a very unusual sight in Turin. A number of converts have been regular disturbers of the meetings.

The Carutal Campaign has been a great success in Italy. It has secured fair audiences, kept the soldiers together, and a good number of souls have been saved.

At Florence, good crowds attended the meetings conducted by Brigadier Clibborn; four soldiers were enrolled and a Cadet farewelled for the Training Home.

MISSIONER

Ambitious City.

EN SEEKERS.

For 60 minutes the Commissioner, inspired, spoke to her people. Only three moved when we knelt in the Mercy Seat. Number one sang "Even me" until the washing in the river and over we sang the hymn at the Commissioner's

even Men and Women

their robes and made of the Blood of the Lamb. Scene was very touching. Eyes and clasped hands. Our feet as the Commissioner called one to the Heavenly Father. Grace and blessing may be upon us more than enough though we pass through

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GENERAL BOOTH.

Arrival in Ceylon En Route to the
Australian Colonies.

BY OUR Ceylon CORRESPONDENT.

General William Booth, our revered founder and father of the great world-wide organization, the Salvation Army, touched here on his way out to the Australian Colonies, whither he is bound, accompanied by Commissioner Pollard, Colonel Lawley and Adj. Barrett, his private Secretary. The North German Lloyd Steamship, "Prinz Regent Leutpold," on board of which the General and party are sailing, dropped anchor in Colombo harbor at 4 o'clock in the evening. His presence on board on the lookout for us showed how much he loved us. God bless him! How glad we were to see him once again. Major Prabhu Das and a few others were soon on board and greeted him. The General came on shore and billeted for the night with Mr. John Ferguson, F. R. C. L., Editor and printer of the Ceylon Observer. He was leaving the next day at 7 a.m., so the most was made of his short stay. It was expected that he would visit the Headquarters and the Rescue and Prison Gate House, but he was extremely busy with important matters, so Commissioner Pollard and Colonel Lawley visited the above places and were quite pleased with what they saw and heard. The newspapers in Colombo devoted columns to interviews with the General and party, and editorial remarks were profuse, and gave most favorable accounts.

An Affectionate Farewell.

Before embarking on board ship at the jetty, the General took advantage of the few minutes afforded him to say a few words to his dear officers and he did so. It was translated into Sinhalese by Staff-Capt. S. S. Perera. He said: "I am glad to see you. I wish I could stay longer with you, but when I come back and return from Australia I hope to have a big meeting and arrange for a proper campaign up and down. I am a very busy man and have to go all over the world preaching the salvation of God. I have to get people made ready to die, ready to die, ready for Christ's Judgment Day, and ready to enter through the gates of the City and dwell with God for ever. You have got to get quite ready, get the devil from your hearts and get sin destroyed. Bring Christ into your lives and do all you can to bring other people into the same enjoyment as yourselves. You must be faithful to your Master, and let Him have His way. He died for you and you must live for Him. You must deny yourselves and sacrifice your own comforts for the bodies and souls of men. Remember the suffering, feed the hungry, care for the poor prisoner, find the lost, bring happiness in the joyous life of salvation into the lives of all. God bless you all. Fire a volley, Amen (applause). Amid the cheers of the crowd the General then got on the launch, which conveyed him to the steamer.

Australia.

The delay caused by the boat, on which the General and party sailed, being quarantined, has compelled the Commandant to cancel a part of the proposed trip. Much disappointment is felt on all sides.

Mrs. Commandant Booth visited a couple of notorious women in Melbourne Jail, who are charged with murder. She has adopted the little child of the mother of one of the girls, and is calling it after her own name, Corrie.

The Cry publishes a cut of the new People's Palace, Sydney, said to be the largest Social Institution in the Army's possession. It certainly has a grand appearance. Adv. McMillan, an old Canadian Headquarters boy, and son and heir of our worthy North-West Province Major, will accompany the General's party round Australia.

"This net to love, to love for self alone."



His morning the wind has gone down and our surroundings are much more agreeable. While we were asleep, or trying to sleep, we passed through the Straits of Bab-el-mandib, and entered the Indian Ocean. A cluster of rocks on one side of this passage are known as "Hell's Gates," from the fact, I understand, that many a poor vessel has been wrecked upon them.

It was on this fatal spot that the magnificent P. and O. steamer "Glen" came to grief about eleven months ago. The passengers were having some special festivities during the evening; these were barely over when the great vessel, which had come a quarter of a million pounds sterling, struck upon the fatal rock before referred to, creating a panic in the hearts of all on board. The passengers and crew were all rescued, but the vessel remained immovable until the other day, when she was taken off and towed into a neighbouring harbour.

Commissioner Pollard told us a good story at the breakfast-table this morning. His first corps was Portadown in the north of Ireland. Soon after he got to work, a blessed awakening took place, and amongst the converts were a couple of Factory Girls, who were at once filled with a desire to do something for the salvation of those about them.

They conferred together as to what it should be. "Let us go," said the girl with old crabby Granny, "the proposal of one. 'It will be of no use; she will fly into a passion, and nobody knows what will happen,' replied the other. 'Never mind,' said the first speaker, 'we can but be plucked into the street; let us go and try.' Now, this old Granny was a celebrity in the place. She was 105 years of age, and so bitterly opposed to religion that she cursed and swore, and as far as she could manage it, actually sought anyone who mentioned the subject. It was no easy task to undertake, but our two simple lasses, full of their new-found love for Jesus determined to proceed with it.

They made their way into the room where the old lady was lying, without any introduction, or even asking permission, and started singing together:

"What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus."

The Virgin scowled at them as they started off, but being taken by surprise, she allowed them to finish. "May we sing you another verse?" they asked. "If you like," she grunted back. Another verse was sung, and again permission was asked to sing another, which was also granted. When they had finished their singing, she gave the further surprising permission for them to pray, and then they read a part of that wonderful chapter, Isaiah 61, and before they came out of the room she held up her poor old fingers and was able to say after them:

"He was wounded for MY transgressions. He was bruised for MY iniquities, the chastisement of MY peace was upon Him, and with His stripes I am healed."

When the doctor paid Granny his usual visit, he was immensely astonished at the great change which had come over her, as she usually greeted him with the request for poison with which to end her miserable existence. He immediately asked her "what had happened, what had brought about this change?"

"Oh," she replied, as she explained afterwards, "IT WAS THEM DEAR LASSES WITH THE 'WHITE AS SNOW' AS DID IT."

She lived a year afterwards, praising and serving God, and died triumphant in the Faith.

Our arrival at Aden, with the prospect of being in Ceylon in six more days, reminded me of the rapid rate at which the time is wasted for this voyage is passing away. I suppose, indeed, it needs no effort of the imagination, for I know—that it is the constant employment that the days and nights glide so swiftly by. Oh, that the giddy crowds on whose hands time hangs so heavily

only knew the joy of being always profitably employed in that which contemplates the good of mankind! I thank Thee, Lord, my dear Heavenly Father, for allowing me my days and strength to spend in publishing the sinner's Friend!

The very name of the sea on which we have just entered calls my thoughts to India. The only regret I have in coming so near to it once more, is that I am not able to remain for the inspection of the progress made since my last visit, the encouragement of the dear officers and people fighting there, and for the personal gratification I should find in seeing them again. For the pleasure and profit of that visit, all concerned must wait.

In passing, however, I may say that the latest news from India prior to leaving England was very gratifying. Gujarat has just held some Self-Supporting Meetings with gratifying results, and Yeshu Ratnam writes of his Christmas Festivals and collections.

"The next day (Christmas Day) a large party of us went to a village called Therado, where we were fed by the villagers, after which we held a large public meeting, in which something like fifty whole families publicly sought salvation in Jesus Christ, and gave in their names as adherents of the Salvation Army. As many as 101 names were given in as Salvation Soldiers, each one asking that they might have a new name given to them that evening."

MOTTOES AGAIN!

Meanwhile, my comrades, remember my motto, which my dear grandchild arranged to have hung up in my cabin—"On, on, still on!" and if you couple with that the following sentiment: "A PLACE AND A WORK FOR EVERY SOLDIER IN THE SALVATION ARMY, AND EVERY SOLDIER IN THE SALVATION ARMY FILLING THAT PLACE AND DOING THAT WORK," you will have a pretty clear exhibition of the ambition which just now fills the General's heart. Good-bye, beloved comrades and friends!

Organization.

Enough has been said about the value of ORGANIZATION to last for a long time to come, and the value of THE PUBLICATION SYSTEM, according to rule and regulation recently issued, HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. It now remains for everyone who has the plan in operation to see that the plan is kept working. The finest machinery is of no use unless kept in operation. Wherever the system is not applied, or only partially applied, those responsible should keep the subject well alive in the minds of our soldiers, so as eventually to carry them fully. There are quite a few corps where the old idea of the Cry is being distributed by the Commanding Officer is still in vogue. This is away back. Any corps situated like this are away back, and ought to insist on being up to date. No soldiers can expect the spiritual uplifting they ought to get from their officers' services if the said officer has to do his own work and the work of the soldiers as well. What would happen to a big Atlantic liner if the Captain left the bridge to attend to the work of the Purser, the Steward or the other officials? Let every soldier shoulder his responsibility, be a cog in the wheel of salvation machinery, and we will have the best possible results.

Above all, let everyone keep up the praying as well as the working, that the unction from on high, like oil in machinery, may lubricate every part, or better still, let each and all keep up the praying that God may supply DIVINE power to send forward every part of the great salvation machine, in its Divine path of salvation and blessedness amongst men.—C.

FATAL ITCH.

Itch for promotion, honor and salary, unless cured, is a fatal cure to all affected by it. The following remedy will always cure: One part of Humility, one part of God, mixed.

Pacific Province.



Brigadier
Howell,
P.O.

4 Reports.
16 Souls.

A Good Pound Meeting.

BILLINGS, Mont.—Sledge booming. During Drunkards' Week prayed with one in front of a saloon. He gave 50 cents to the collection. During Notorious Sinners' Week one of the most notorious women of the State sent for us to visit her. Very sorry she was going away next morning. Have had quite a stir among the Juniors. Ten forward. All are keeping good. We had a pound meeting on Saturday night. The first in Billings. A nice lot of groceries was the result. One of our converts (Sister Mills) God bless her, collected a pound of nickels, amounting to \$5.25. Billings is all right for the S. A. Mrs. Ayre is delighted to sell the War Cry. All are so kind and friendly.—M. Ayre, Adj.

Kept Busy.

KALISPELL, Mont.—What? Kalispell a hard go? Well, I should say not! Our new officers Capt. and Lieut. Ziebarth have come. Saturday evening we had a musical conglomeration, which was cooked off with delicious coffee and cake. I cleared the neat sum of \$30. Sunday we frightened the devil out of the meeting, with a soul in the Fountain. A picnic in a snow storm! Tuesday on a halibut wood-bee we go, eight of us. Soldiers worked faithfully. The sisters consisted of two Hogarths and two Ziebarths. Altogether we saved 11 big logs. At noon we did away with a big lunch, eating it in a snow storm. In the late afternoon we proceeded to our home, and found that we had enough wood for the winter's use.—Sister Lena Hogarth.

The P. O. Visits.

MISSOULA, Mont.—On Saturday night one backslider came back into the fold. Brigadier Howell with us all day Sunday. Glorious meetings throughout the day. At night large crowd in the open-air. Halls packed with people eager to hear what the Brigadier had to say. Two souls out for peace and pardon, making three souls since last report.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

Come Again, Brigadier.

BOZEMAN.—We have had a visit from our beloved P. O., Brigadier Howell. Good meetings. Bro. and Sister Marshall's baby dedicated. Brigadier's singing and playing enjoyed by all. We all say, "Come again soon!" Two souls this past week. Doing well, praise God! Oyster supper Saturday. Very decided success. Although weather very cold we have good attendance.—Capt. F. Sonnmann, and Lieut. Galt.

France and Switzerland.

A new hall has been opened at Val-lorbes, France. It is hoped that it will prove to be a great stimulus to the corps.

A Training Home has been opened at Zurich, in German-Switzerland. Sixteen children came and gave themselves to God recently at St. Andre.

Capt. Pons is touring through France with a lantern, showing scenes in the life of Christ.

South Africa.

The Cape Colony Week of Self-Denial has just been concluded. The Territorial target was \$17,500.

Commissioner Ridsdel and Colonel McAlonan have returned to the Cape Town after their trip through Zululand.

Four military comrades gave testimony in a recent meeting at Cape Town 11.

An Old Veteran Visits an Old Battlefield.

The Territorial Secretary Given a Hearty Reception at London and St. Thomas—
A Big Storm—Mr. Gibson's Remarks—
The Juniors' Bouquet—
Capture of Souls.

THE announcement of the Territorial Secretary's proposed visit was received with much satisfaction by a number of his old friends in London. Whether the "Prince of the powers of the air" had secured additional advantages, we are not prepared to state, but it would seem as though he had, and had determined to favor us with the full benefit of his extended power. Saturday night was wet and cold, and no one would be likely to venture out who did not have some extra good reason. But, alas! it was only a kind of introduction to the blizzard-like day of to-morrow. The meeting was good all the same. The Lieut.-Colonel was in good spirits, and everybody enjoyed a happy sunny time.

The holiness meeting was made a means of grace to everyone present. The Lieut.-Colonel was inspired and the Spirit of God blessed the words of truth uttered.

A fair crowd was present in the afternoon. It was a treat to have Mr. Gibson, Postmaster at Ingersoll, with us. His little remarks and superb illustrations were much enjoyed. The Lieut.-Colonel also gave a thoroughly practical and interesting address.

A fine crowd was present at the night meeting. The meeting was powerful and interesting. The Lieut.-Colonel's address, "A potent question," was a kind of a Judgment Day probe. Shouts of conviction had found their way to many hearts. Seven souls surrendered to the claims of the Spirit.

The Old Friends' Convention on Tuesday was a very interesting and profitable time to all who attended it. After indulging in a little old-time talk, and reflections, the Lieut.-Colonel gave a fine spiritual address, which was calculated to inspire to greater earnestness and determination in the great battle we are waging. One young man came forward at the close, making ten for the London campaign.

ST. THOMAS.—As we stepped off the train martial strains of a well-known tune made our hearts tingle, and seemed to assure us of a good time. The Lieut.-Colonel was heartily cheered and welcomed. After a march we reached the barracks, and found a nice crowd assembled. The preliminaries over, Capt. Ebsary informed us that the Juniors had something to say. About a dozen large boys and girls sang a welcome song to the Lieut.-Colonel. After this five little girls sang, and two of the smallest presented the Lieut.-Colonel and the Major with a bouquet each. We give here the song and also the Juniors' welcome address to the Lieut.-Colonel:

Tune.—Only a rosebud.

Welcome, dear Colonel,
To St. Thomas corps,
We are glad to see you,
As in days of yore,
You have often blessed us,
We're glad to tell you so,
When you come to see us,
As in the long ago.

Chorus.

Welcome, dear Colonel, to our meeting to-night,
Welcome from every friend we know;
We have not forgotten all your past faithful fight,
When you led us out to victory, long ago.

We are glad to see you
Still a leader true,
Winning souls for Jesus
"Nenth the Yellow, Red and Blue.
We are glad to see you,
In spite of every foe;
Jesus still is with us,
As in the long ago.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Margetta:

Dear Lieut.-Colonel,—We, as the Juniors of St. Thomas corps, join with the

Seniors in giving you a real Army welcome once again to our city.

There are many things that we can look back upon with pleasure, even if we are only children, and amongst them are your past visits to our city, when in charge of this Province. We are glad to see you once again.

Some of us were Juniors then, and we are pleased to tell you that we are Juniors still, and love our leaders and the Army better than ever before.

We are only young yet and have much to learn, but we know the Army is the best training school for body and soul.

Some of us will soon be old enough to become Junior Cadets, and through the dim future we can look and see ourselves as Army Officers.

We never forget to pray for our leaders, and Jesus does not forget to bless us.

We know that you will be pleased to hear that God is blessing us in the Siege, and we have gone over some of our targets already, and over twenty souls have sought salvation, and we shall soon see many more.

We trust your visit will prove a great help and blessing to us all and that you can return to us again.
God bless you and yours.

(Signed) Lillie Dickson,
Age 13,
For St. Thomas Juniors.

The meeting was full of interest and evidently much enjoyed by all present. The corps has been having quite a revival of late, and St. Thomas is not going to be behind by any means in the Siege effort.

(To be continued.)



S. A. WOOD YARD, DAWSON CITY.

A DUTCHMAN AT A SCOTCH SOCIAL.

Dent Meester Editteer.

I ritte shust a few lines to you about der Scotch Social we huf here las week. I uffer hear of a Scotch Social pictore, so I say to minesself, I go to dis von.

Vel, vee I comes to de harrackets dey shust go out on march, dey haf Scotch caps, plaids, kilts, and other Scotch dress on, which makes it look so fine. Then von dey hum in thir blay von Scotch tune, "Auld lang syne." And Broder Angus reads the 23rd Psalm in Scotch, and dey haf Scotch speeches.

un Scotch songs, and Bandman Alfred he play de bagpipes vounce and twice. I tell you it was goot. But de pest ov all vas der Dutch trio, by Bandmaster Pope. Mrs. Pope in der little girl. Der liddle girl vas sing so goot, and keep thir mit her liddle finger dot it makes me laff all over.

Den after der music and singing, dey gif us von cup un saucer and a pik burg full of Scotch cake and bread un butter, and von cup ov kaffee. It vas real gut, and eferbody like it. The money went to furnish der officers' quarters un dey vas cleared over \$20. Dunt you thinks dot vos gut, Meester Editteer?

Der League of Mercy vos great help ter get up dis social. I deli von it vos better dan sour-kroot, and I hope that Gott vill bless der goot beopies dot helped and make der violet beopies goot.—I am yours, Auf Wiedersehen. der Hullehujah Dutchman.

White Wings.

By A. D. COWAN, Staff-Capt.

Amongst the many discouragements that come in a Rosette Officer's life, there comes nothing more cheering than the letters that are received almost daily, from those who have passed through the Home—some recently, some in years gone by. They bear on their stony pinions little messages of hope that fall as balm upon the weary spirit of the toiler, telling of faith's fruition, that God is faithful, that the seed sown with prayer and weeping is springing in some of the young hearts into Life Eternal. What joy it brings, what fervent thanksgiving that they whom when we first saw them, were sunk in sin and tortured in mind and body, its fearful consequences.

"Now in reverent awe and wonder. Touch the theme of deepest laud, Precious Blood of Christ that bought us, And has made us nigh to God; His own Blood, O Love unthought of! Shed for those who loved Him not, Mighty Fountain always open, Cleansing us from every spot."

The following extracts are taken from letters recently received:

"Although shut, as it were, as far as fellowship is concerned, in the back of the desert (where God saw fit to put Moses once), it is wonderful how God teaches day by day. Now I have proved Deut. xxxii. 2, even in my ten-

or more than conqueror. I yield to my precious little one to Him. The first stage of my yielding was to pray for the Lord to take him home to heaven. Manifestly I could not trust Him to provide for him here in this weary old world, but now I can truly say, that I know and am persuaded that He Whom I have believed will keep that which I have committed to His care. My soul, wait thou upon God, for my expectation is from Him, for He only is my Rock and my fortress." I never left anything wholly to the Lord to perform for me and to just keep quietly waiting. The old adage, viz., that "God helps those who help themselves," is altogether an exploded theory with me, for I receive my blessings through waiting. I have my hands full just now. I had a debt that I owed I was tempted not to pay, as Satan told me that hundreds of less deserving cases were treated free, but when I got sanctified the Lord dealt with me, and I had to give up all to Him; I promised to pay and asked Him for an opportunity to do so. Peace filled my soul. I simply waited for His salvation. So He sent me here, and although the way has not been all roses by any means, yet my soul doth magnify God, my Saviour, for He hath regarded the helpless estate of His prodigal, and sent me here, where baby is well. By close economy I am paying off some of the debt. I am not very well, but I believe He will heal me for His service. You spoke of God's revelation to your soul of His divine compassions, oh, yes! Surely it is wonderful, as infinite as Himself, yet so tender and loving, but what the Spirit has cheered my often tired, lonesome heart with was, as it were, glimpses, or rather a foretaste of the glorious rest that remaineth for all who are sheltered by the precious Blood. The consolation came when most needed. I never before my trouble, gave the Father's house much thought, and was always laying up for a splendid earthly one; but surely He knows how to deal with us. I often wish I could come and spend a day with you, but my duties have become legion; they have been increasing every day. I remain with kindest love, as ever, —"

God alone, Who knows our hearts, could see the joy the letters from this dear lassie gave us. One of our Army leaders had met her in their travels and heard her tale of sorrow. She had loved God in a way, but wandered away into sin, was left forsaken and alone, with a little one to care for. She came to the Home with it, learned to do household work, and although she had held before a higher place in society, with a good salary, for the sake of her child took a place as servant in the country where she could have it with her. The Lord had restored her to Himself, and when visiting for a few days in the Home, got sanctified, and went back, as a matter of conscience, and toiled hard to earn the money to pay debts she owed before coming to us. Who cannot see in this case the principle God puts into the hearts of those who are truly followers of Him? We must close this chapter of White Wings, promising that a few more feathers shall fall upon the pages of the Cry before long.

Latest additions to the regular League of Mercy work, Peterboro, Ont., and Fargo, N. D.



THREE OF THE OLDEST MEN IN THE DAWSON SHELTER.

Sent there by the American Relief Committee.

KLONDIKE

A Funeral—Hon. Soldiers' M. Comm.

Dawson

A T my request for kindly graph to the The Captain is a in the United States numerous mags press are highly should say this truth as far as statements can secondly, from the considered in the post, in addition gifts, and his pi are eagerly so treasured.



CAPT.

The Captain's picture of a which took place one of the his personal Adit. McGill will not say round expect command for death has still a little post the Captain reproduction.

IN

Sweet

By CAPT. To her bel Bennett Sweet May our sun Transplane A rose in

She knows Beyond the Your soldier On guard

KLONDIKE CHAT.

A Funeral—How Others See Us—
Soldiers' Message to the
Commissioner.

Dawson City, Jan. 26th, '00.

At my request Capt. Jack Crawford kindly handed me his photograph to send to the War Cry. The Captain is a well-known character in the United States. His writings in numerous magazines and the daily press are highly valued. Personally I should say this is because he tells the truth as far as he knows, and his statements can be relied upon; and, secondly, from point of merit they are considered in the front rank. As a poet, in addition, he has remarkable gifts, and his productions on this line are eagerly sought after, read and treasured.



CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

The Captain has also given me the picture of a funeral procession, which took place very recently, he being one of the chief mourners, and by his personal request was attended by Adjt. McGill and other officers. You will notice the leading dog turning round expecting to receive the word of command from its late mistress, but death has stilled the voice.

A little poem on the deceased, which the Captain wrote, I also send for reproduction.

IN MEMORIAM.

Sweet May is dead!

By CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

To her beloved father, Capt. James Bennett:

Sweet May is dead, your soldier girl;
Your sunny, homelike pet;
Transplanted from a world of peril,
A rose in Eden set.

She knows no pain, and could you see
Beyond the anguished blue,
Your soldier girl would surely be
On guard to welcome you.

Sweet May is dead to earthly pain,
God willed that you should sever;
But you shall meet and live again,
Forever and forever.

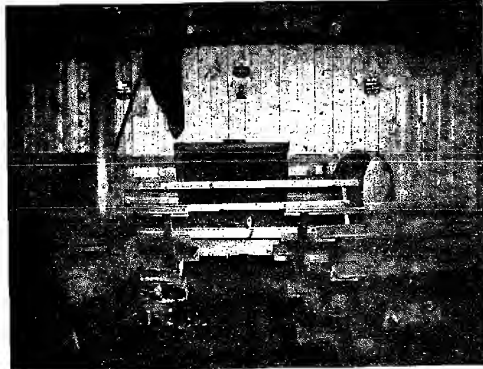
And when the angel soundsattoo,
Be ready, comrade mine,
To meet your soldier girl in blue,
With hope and faith divine.

The following extract from a letter written by Capt. Jack Crawford, "the poet scout," to a friend in New York, will interest the readers of the War Cry:

"I don't know if I can write anything that will be new or interesting as there are numerous able correspondents here whom I have no doubt are keeping the outside world posted, while we are completely in the dark, so far as news from the outside world is concerned. No regular mail has reached here since the freeze up, and only an occasional old newspaper is brought in by some hardy adventurer over the ice. Hard times are here and thousands of men are now consuming the rag-end of their provisions, while hundreds are actually out of money, provisions and work. While eating lunch at a restaurant yesterday, an old German came in and ordered a 25-pound can of granulated potatoes for 20c. per pound, which had cost him twice as much. He said that he had nothing else to eat. The restaurant man gave him a 25-pound sack of oatmeal, some bread and the balance in cash.

20 men are being fed and sheltered by the Salvation Army. These people are doing much good. They have a wood yard, and men who are able to work get \$5 a cord for sawing wood in stove lengths. This pays for his meals and lodging. Last week a robust young man came to my cabin in the evening, told me he had been sawing wood at the Army Shelter for several days, but on that morning when he arrived all the saws were at work. He had eaten no food that day. I filled him up, and since then he has been doing chores for his food and shelter, and is now sitting near the patching his old gloves. Yet this young man is strictly temperate and willing to work. Speaking of the Salvation Army, our Elks Club recently gave an entertainment, and after all bills were paid over \$300 still remained. I had the pleasure of making a motion that a check of \$100 be sent to the Salvation Army as a Christmas present, as they were the only truly unselfish, charitable institution here, and despite opposition from a questionable character or two, the motion prevailed, and on Christmas Day, when the Army were disbanding up a fine dinner to the needy, a delegation from the Elks Club visited the Shelter and surprised Ensign McGill and his faithful little band by presenting them with the check as a Christmas gift.

Of course the delegation enjoyed a good dinner, after which speeches were in order and everybody was happy. One thing is certain, and that is no hungry man, woman, or child ever turned away from the Army barracks or Shelter. 20 men are now in St. Mary's Hospital whose expenses (\$500 per day) are being paid by the Citizens Relief Committee, of which



INTERIOR OF KLONDIKE BARRACKS.

Col. McCook, the American Consul, and Mr. A. Bartlett are members. I mention these facts because there is a desire on the part of certain parties to keep the truth from getting out. Although I mail, that now goes out regularly, gets through, thousands will tell this same story. There are many causes for the distress now prevailing, the principal of which is, tea men where one would suffice, so far as work is concerned. Then the enormous prices which people are compelled to pay for provisions, sometimes 300 to 500% more than cost. It requires but a short time to eat up what little money the majority possessed after the expense of getting here. Thousands



FIRST MINING MACHINERY TAKEN TO THE KLONDIKE.

ands of tons of provisions will come in next spring and summer through small dealers, and many of the provisions now stored here will spoil, despite the fact that nearly everything except butter, milk and sugar have gone down 50 to 100%. Fresh beef has dropped from \$1.50 per lb. to 25c. and 35c. per lb., and a whole beef can be purchased at 18c. per lb., and yet they held out too long before the reduction. Consequently tons of meat will be dumped in the Yukon by the police as soon as it begins to thaw out. My advice to all men is this: If you have a good position and a good home, stay with it. If you must come and are willing to risk your life, health and happiness, come with at least two years' supplies and \$500 or more in your inside pocket. If, after you are

in Dawson, you wish to sell one year's provisions, you can do so at 25% more than you can purchase at retail here and have your year's provisions left at much less than cost. More money has been made by the stores, traders and small dealers in provisions, hardware, etc., than has been made in the mines up to date. This country is all right; but at present writing it is more of a rich man's country than a poor man's, because the great majority of claims can only be worked profitably by the expenditure of large capital and the introduction of expensive and practical machinery for dredging and hydraulic work."

DAWSON'S MESSAGE

Dear Commissioner—
When the Adjutant read your beautiful letter to us in the soldiers' meeting, how glad we were to know that you and our sons' welfare so much at heart that you should write us a letter. And such a letter! Full of love, sympathy and encouragement.

We had been over a month without seeing the sun. One day we climbed up the mountain where the sun was shining and stood surrounded by this glorious light. We turned our face towards the sun and drank in its bright rays. Our hearts were full of joy as the long absent sunbeams fell upon us.

That is the way we felt when we received your bright letter; and we will be reflectors, Commissioner. We will reflect the brightness we receive into this dark place of sin, where the god of mammon has blinded the eyes of men.

There have been times when the fighting was hard, that we felt discouraged. Our leader's words of cheer kept us in the ranks, but now we are inspired to wage a warfare that will be felt all around the world, for we reflect the brightness we receive into this dark place of sin, where the god of mammon has blinded the eyes of men.

Many hearts are made tender through sickness and long absence from loved ones, and are easy to attack with words of life and love.

It is truly a blessed privilege to work for the Lord Jesus in such a way, and we rejoice that we have been able under the directions of our beloved officers to do something. We are glad that we are soldiers of the Cross, fighting for the freedom of the world. We are determined to stand by our officers, and to stand by the Blood-and-Fire Flag, as we have done, even when it was 50° below zero. We have marched up and down Dawson singing, "Come in Jesus," and rubbed our noses between the verses to keep from freezing. We are glad, dear Commissioner, that we belong to so grand an organization whose object is the betterment of mankind, pointing them to a higher and nobler life—in Jesus Christ.

We all join in sending you our love, and if the Lord prospers us in our search for gold we will make our love more practical in the shape of nugget-loaded cartridges.

(Signed) Addison B. Kestling.

Chas. Lund.

A. C. Miller.

R. H. Roberts.

Soldiers, on behalf of the corps.



FUNERAL OF MRS. MAY EGGREN, DAUGHTER OF CAPT. J. BENNETT,
Conveyed to Her Grave by Her Faithful Dog Team, Dawson, Y. T., January 6th, 1899.

Eastern Province.

Brigadier Pugmire, P.O.

13 Reports.

51 Souls.

God Bless the Shelter!

HALIFAX I.—We are going forward. Friday night two souls, one of them for pardon. On Sunday morning the brass band and part of the corps headed by Adj. McGillivray held a meeting in the Food and Shelter Depot. It was really splendid, and was much appreciated. One poor, weary drunkard sought salvation in this meeting. Good meetings on Sunday. 1 soul for the blessing of a clean heart, and four for pardon.—Treas. Cashin.

Had the P. O. and B. O.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.—The comrades here, as well as the outside people, would have done a good lot to have got the Commissioner for one meeting, but as we could only get a glimpse of the car she passed through in, we felt satisfied. Hearing of the immense lot of travelling and work before her. But Brigadier Pugmire and Ensign Graham, D.O., popped out of the car and we had them for two nights. The first night a fair crowd turned out. Next night a blinding snow storm and people dare not come out of their houses, but a few came along and the Brigadier commissioned the Local Officers for the next year. Best of all one dear lad, a backslidden soldier, returned to the fold. Next day we said good-bye to the P. O. and B. O. and will eagerly look for another visit up north.—G. P. Thompson.

A Report from "Paddy."

FAIRVILLE, N. B.—The devil has been defeated and we had the joy of seeing two souls at the Mercy Seat, one of them a poor backslider. We give God all the glory. God helping us we are in heart and soul to thrash the old devil.—Paddy.

Three Farewells

ST. JOHN III.—Twelve souls for three nights. Brigadier Pugmire and the Provincial Staff with us Sunday, also the minister. Ten souls. Major Collier, Ensign Perry and P. S. M. Chandler farewelled Sunday night. We shall miss him, he has been a great blessing to us, but our loss will be Windsor's gain.—Corps Cor. G. L. C.

He Got the Victory.

GLACE BAY, C. B.—Another week of victory. God is wonderfully blessing us. Knee-dut increased four hundred per cent. since Siege began, with one soul saved. Wednesday night special meeting, service of song. We have started special holiness meetings since we got into our new hall. In tonight's holiness meeting one young man came out for a deeper work of grace. One of our soldiers came out in holiness meeting on a Sunday recently, and while in the penitential form God showed him in order to get the blessing he wanted he would have to sell War Cry. He made up his mind to it, and the following Saturday went forth in the street and saloons and sold fifty-one Crys. Hallelujah!—Sergeant-Major.

His First Testimony.

CLARK'S HARBOR.—"Friends, I am glad I can stand here to-night and tell you I am saved. Since I came to the Cross the world is like a new world to me." This was the first testimony of our first Siege convert, a young man who was very rapidly going down the road to ruin. A few nights ago God's Spirit took hold of him as he sat in our meeting, and he rose from his seat at the back of the hall and came to the Cross. God saved him. We are praying for others.—Fanny Clark, Capt.

They Rejoiced.

CHATHAM.—God is blessing us here. Last night we rejoiced over seeing one Senior and two Juniors seeking pardon at the Cross.—Fred Knight, Capt.

A Remarkable Pound Meeting.

DARTMOUTH, N. S.—We have just had a "pound meeting." Here's a few of the things received: 2 pairs of blankets, iron pot, tea pot, saucepan, coal scuttle, water pail, 20 lbs. sugar, 13 cakes chocolate, a pair of boots for the little girl, tea, coffee, rolled oats,

soap, beans, rice, meat, salmon, etc., and while singing from the Cry, Capt. Norman's brother and Mrs. Adjutant Dowell's brother came in with a barrel of flour and put on the platform. They were assisted in the purchase of it by a few Newfoundland friends who were determined to beat St. John's, and I really believe they did it. The above was the best I ever witnessed. The meeting was splendid, led by Ensign Penny. One soul at the finish. Two last week. Victory!—J. Bowering, Capt.

Welcomes the "Cry."

SYDNEY, C. B.—Dear old Cry, we hail your coming into our midst with joy. We are still on the war path. We cannot report victory in seeing souls saved, but we are glad to read about them getting saved other places through your pages. We are glad to have our new officers with us. Our numbers are increasing and conviction is prevalent.

Welcome, Captain!

ST. GEORGES, Ber.—A large crowd gathered at the barracks on Monday night to welcome Capt. Brochant. A right down hearty, happy meeting we had. Adj. Matthews introduced the Captain and bespoke for her a hearty welcome. We are in for victory. Good meetings all the week. Two souls since last report. What's the matter with "the powers that be?" No War Cry for two weeks! (Sorry to hear that. Not our fault. Blame the weather.—Ed.)—W. G. G. Heg. Cor.

Had Visitors.

SUMMERSIDE.—Ensign Larter has been laid up with La grippe. We had Sergeant-Major Renout, Sgt. Fife and Bro. Chappell up from Charlottetown for Sunday. Bro. Chappell brought his cornet with him but forgot to play it. We have had thirteen converts since January 15th, and we are believing for more.—P. R. A.

A Lecture on Woman.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Ensign Miller's lecture, "Woman, her place in man's heart, her place in man's home, her place in the world, and her place in religion," was a pronounced success. It was full of merit, and everybody was delighted. Our corps prospers, and many are being saved. Bros.



ADJUTANT and MRS. CAVE, NEWFOUNDLAND

A HAPPY EVENT IN ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

Ensigns Cave and Allen Become United.

The Salvation Citadel, Gover St., was packed with an enthusiastic audience to witness the marriage of Ensign Allen and Cave. Volley after volley was given as the wedding party entered the Citadel and took their seats on the platform. Colonel Jacobs was master of ceremonies, and for some time delighted the congregation with a thrilling address, after which he read the articles of marriage, the contracting parties stood forward (Ensign Tovell supporting the bride, and Capt. Norman the groom) and were pledged "neath the Yellow, Red and Blue. The "I wills" were expressed plainly and distinctly. Brigadier Sharp pronounced the deed done, after which several intending candidates spoke, and each seemed to have something good to say about the happy couple.

Renout, Fife, and Chappell spent a week-end in Summerside, while Capt. Goodwin, Sec. Ellis and Sister Jean Calder supplied Hart's Hall Sunday afternoon.—H.

Eight Have Come

NORTH HEAD, N. B.—Since last report eight souls sought and found their Saviour. Meetings well attended, and interest good. Capt. Tilley and Wilson are doing their utmost for the salvation of souls.—Amanda Dakin, R. C.

West Ontario.



Major Southall, P.O.

3 Reports.

11 Souls.

Sell Out all Crys.

BLINHEIM.—Sunday, Capt. Hoddinott farewelled after seven months' stay. Two souls crowned his labors Sunday night. A War Cry brigade has been formed and we sell out all our Crys.—Inn Groom, Corps Cor.

Eight at the Cross.

ESSEX.—Sunday, good meetings all day. Eight souls for the week. Praise God! We mean business. Going out to victory.—Lieut. Jordan.

He Got It.

CLINTON.—Good times here. Capt. Heater and Lieut. Fyfe have taken hold. Sunday afternoon one sinner jumped into the Fountain and got his sins all washed away.—Mrs. Brown, R. C.

Christianity is best understood by those who are most willing to practice it.



Ensign Cave rose amid tremendous applause and gave his first testimony after marriage. "Thank God, I am determined to see the end of the Christian race. To-night I have a fixed determination to follow God."

Then Mrs. Cave was asked to speak. It was some time before she could be heard. "I am glad to have the blessing that makes rich. My desire is to become more and more a worker for God. I thank the comrades for the good things said about me. I hope I shall be able to live so that I shall glorify God and be a blessing to those about me."

Brigadier Sharp spoke of the loyalty and devotion of his late Scribe and Chandler, who has for three years and a half been at Headquarters by day and by night working in the interest of the war.

Mrs. Cave came from the West Ontario Province, and for years has toiled in the front of the battle in the Eastern, Newfoundland and East Ontario Provinces. Wishing them a prosperous journey.—V. P.

Newfoundland.



Brigadier Sharp, P.O.

7 Reports.

105 Souls.

Down Came the Stovepipes!

LITTLE BAY.—God is with us in power. The Siege started on Sunday night with three sinners in the Fountain. Stovepipes and lamps coming down with a crash, as well as the walls of sin. On Wednesday night a greater victory still. Gambler's cards and tobacco consigned to the flames, and eight souls volunteered to serve God.—F. Howell, Capt.

Fifteen Forward.

GANBO.—Since our last report God has wonderfully helped us. Twelve more precious souls have taken their stand as Blood-and-Fire Soldiers. But best of all, since the Siege began we have had the pleasure of seeing fifteen precious souls find pardon.—Lieut. E. Rose.

Seventeen Came Home.

CLARENVILLE, Nfld.—We are still alive and in the midst of our grand Siege. Last week was a week of blessing. Seventeen souls came out and found pardon. The devil is kicking, but God's people shall win.—J. Monion, Capt.

A Government Grant.

HARBOR GRACE, Nfld.—Ensign Kenway has gone away and Ensign Hoggs is now in charge. We have had a short visit from the Commissioner, which we enjoyed very much. The Government is paying the Army to supply the poor of Harbor Grace with one hundred gallons of soup per week, for thirteen weeks. There have been a few breaks in the enemy's ranks of late, one among the number being a policeman. Our Siege has commenced, and so far we are having the victory.—M. J. W. Reg. Cor.

Twenty-One Souls.

ST. JOHN'S II.—Capt. McLenn arrived on Friday night. We gave her what we call a real Newfoundland welcome. She says she feels right at home. The past two weeks have been times of victory. Twenty-one souls have been saved. We are believing for a mighty, soul-saving time.—Capt. M. Noel.

"The Fire Burns Brightly There"

RAY ROBERTS, Nfld.—Ray Roberts on fire. This week has been one of victory. Sinners coming home to God. Saints rejoicing. Devil defeated. Heaven on earth. Nine souls for the week. Still rolling on.—A. G. Brown, Capt.

Everything on the Up Grade.

CARBONAR.—Things are some what lively here just now. Soldiers are in good fighting condition. Thirty-one souls have recently sought salvation, and are taking a definite stand for God. Many of them are good cases, and going to become Blood-and-Fire soldiers. One of the converts, two nights prior her conversion, sold twenty War Crys and brought three other souls to the Cross. Our victories don't end here. Greater things are going to happen. We will let you know about them and God shall have the glory.—Capt. Jim Jones, for Adj. M. Newman.

G. B. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN STAGERS.—Lewiston, March 18, 10, 20; Spokane March 21.

ENSIGN COLLIER.—St. Thomas, March 25, 26; Dutton, March 27; Hightgate, Mar. 28; Ridgetown, Mar. 29, 30.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Truro, Mar. 20; Glace Bay, Mar. 22; Sydney, Mar. 23; Sydney Mines, Mar. 24; North Sydney, Mar. 25, 26; New Glasgow, Mar. 27.

ENSIGN PARKER.—Peterboro, Mar. 21, 22, 23.

EAST ONTARIO A PROVINCE

87 Husb.

CAPT. CONNORS, O.
CAPT. MCANNY, S.
SERGT. DUDLEY, E.
CAPT. CREGO, G.
LIEUT. WILLIAMS, E.
SERGT. MAJOR PER.
CAPT. WILLIAMS, E.
LIEUT. SYMONDS, E.
CAPT. FRENCH, P.
Capt. Norman, Napau
Sergeant-Major Symonds
Capt. Jones, Burlington
Capt. Banks, Quebec
Adj. Goodwin, Ottawa
Lieut. Butcher, Brock
Capt. R. Crego, Trent
Ensign Stagers, Bell
Adj. Ogilvie, Sherbrooke
Sergeant Rogers, Montreal
Lieut. Hickman, Pres.
Capt. Greene, Tweed
Lieut. Norman, Picton
Adj. Bradley, Cornwall
Capt. Magee, Kempsville
Capt. Brown, Perth
Capt. Wilson, Newpo
Sergeant Mrs. Dine, Kingston
Lieut. Dawson, New
Capt. Vance, Belleville
Ensign Sims, Picton
Lieut. Tuck, Montreal
Mrs. J. H. Bradley, C.
Capt. Grose, Brighton
Capt. Held, Morrisburg
Lieut. Brooks, Richmond
Lieut. Newell, Morrisburg
Sergeant Thompson, B.
Sister N. Brown, Mont.
Sergeant Ritchie, Montreal
Caud. Cresker, Montreal
Lieut. Burck, Coaticook
Lieut. McFarlane, Co.
Capt. Huxtable, Brockton
Capt. Comstock, Renou
Capt. McIntyre, Mont.
Lieut. Way, Amherst
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Picton
Sergeant L. Phelps, Picton
Capt. Beachell, Deser
Capt. DeWitt, Mill
Sergeant Annie Brown, Kingston
Sister D. Hill, Montreal
Lieut. Latimer, Oshawa
Lieut. Barnes, Oshawa
Adj. Blackburn, Port
Capt. Stebb, Prescott
Capt. Downey, Brockton
Lieut. Kearnes, Brockton
Sergeant Chillingworth, Brockton
Capt. Brindley, Carleton Place
Sergeant Lewis, Montreal
Lieut. O'Neil, Millbrook
Sister Caldwell, Millbrook
Capt. LaLonde, Sherbrooke
Sergeant Barber, Kingston
Sergeant Mrs. Thompson, Kingston
S. M. Robb, Douglas
Bro. Morse, Newpo
Sergeant Fulford, Algonquin
Capt. Flindley, Brockton
Capt. Owen, Sunbury
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Brockton
Sergeant A. Downey, Brockton
Mrs. Ryckman, Deser
Capt. Nyman, Oshawa
Mrs. Hingert, Montreal
Ensign Yerec, Montreal
Lieut. Tracey, Perth
Father Duquett, E.
Mrs. Stevenson, Port
Emily Norman, Millbrook
Lieut. Addeh, Guelph
Sergeant Sturmy, Port
Bro. Hersey, Barre
Lieut. Randall, Brockton
Sister Ross, Montreal

EASTERN

82 Husb.

CAPT. RYAN, Ya
MAGGIE GRAHAM
CAPT. JACKSON, O.
CAPT. GOODWIN, O.
SERGT. MINNIE
CLARA MERRY, O.
SERGT. MAJOR
P. S. M. Warner, O.
EMILY WHITE, O.
CAPT. G. THOMAS, O.
Cadet Webber, Port
Mrs. Ensign Park
Lieut. Richards, E.
Mrs. Maybee, Ch.
Cadet Lebeaux, St.
Cadet Urquhart, E.
P. S. M. Warner, O.
Ensign Lardie, G.
Secretary Ellis, C.
Sergeant Armstrong, O.
Adj. Byers, New
Mrs. Lyons, Fred
Mrs. Ensign Park
Cadet Gardiner, I.
Eliza Snow, Dar
P. S. M. Morrison

Newfoundland.



Brigadier
Sharp,
P.O.
7 Reports,
105 Souls.

Down Came the Stovepipes!

LITTLE BAY.—God is with us in power. The Siege started on Sunday night with three snipers in the Foundation. Stovepipes and lamps coming down with a crash, as well as the walls of sin. On Wednesday night a greater victory still. Gambler's cards and tobacco consigned to the flames, and eight souls volunteered to serve God.—F. Howell, Capt.

Fifteen Forward.

GAMBO.—Since our last report God has wonderfully helped us. Twelve more precious souls have taken their stand as Blood-and-Fire Soldiers. But best of all, since the Siege began we have had the pleasure of seeing fifteen precious souls find pardon.—Lieut. E. Rose.

Seventeen Camp Hope.

CLARENVILLE, Nfld.—We are still alive and in the midst of our grand Siege. Last week was a week of blessing. Seventeen souls came out and found pardon. The devil is kicking, but God's people shall win.—D. Moulton, Capt.

A Government Grant.

HARBOR GRACE, Nfld.—Ensign Kenway has gone away and Ensign Bagges is now in charge. We have had a short visit from the Commissioner, which we enjoyed very much. The Government is paying the Army to supply the poor of Harbor Grace with one hundred gallons of soup per week, for thirteen weeks. There have been a few breaks in the enemy's ranks of late, one among the number being a policeman. Our Siege has commenced, and so far we are having the victory.—M. J. W., Reg. Cor.

Twenty-one Souls.

ST. JOHNS II.—Capt. McLean arrived on Friday night. We gave her what we call a real Newfoundland welcome. She says she feels right at home. The past two weeks have been times of victory. Twenty-one souls have been saved. We are believing for an mighty, soul-saving time.—Capt. M. Noel.

"The Fire Burns Brightly There."

BAY ROBERTS, Nfld.—Bay Roberts on fire! This week has been one of victory. Sinners coming home to God, rejoicing. Devil defeated. Heaven on earth tone. Nine souls for the week. Still rolling on.—A. G. Brown, Capt.

Everything on the Up Grade.

CARBONAR.—Things are somewhat lively here just now. Soldiers are in good fighting condition. Thirty-one souls have recently sought salvation, and are taking a definite stand for God. Many of them are good owners, and going to become Blood-and-Fire soldiers. One of the converts, two nights after her conversion, sold twenty War Cries and brought three other souls to the Cross. Our victories are not end here. Greater things are going to happen. We will let you know about them and God shall have the glory.—Capt. Jim Jones, for Adj. M. Newman.

C. B. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN STAGERS.—Lewiston, March 18, 19, 20; Spokane March 21.
ENSIGN COLLIER.—St. Thomas, March 25, 26; Dutton, March 27; Hightgate, Mar. 28; Blodgett, Mar. 29, 30.
ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Truro, Mar. 20; Glace Bay, Mar. 22; Sydney, Mar. 23; Sydney Mines, Mar. 24; North Sydney, Mar. 25, 26; New Glasgow, Mar. 27.
ENSIGN PARKER.—Peterboro, Mar. 21, 22, 23.

THE WAR CRY.

15

EAST ONTARIO AND QUEREBC PROVINCE.

87 Hustlers.

CAPT. CONNORS, Ottawa	205
CAPT. McNANNY, St. Johnsbury	183
SERGEANT DUDLEY, Ottawa	182
CAPT. OREGO, Gannaque	110
LIEUT. WILLIAMS, Pembroke	109
SERGEANT MAJOR PERKINS, Barre	107
CAPT. WILLIAMS, St. Albans	105
LIEUT. SYMONDS, St. Albans	105
CAPT. FRENCH, Peterboro	100
Capt. Norman, Napanee	97
Sergeant Major Symonds, Kingston	90
Capt. Jones, Burlington	80
Capt. Banks, Quebec	78
Adj. Goodwin, Ottawa	75
Lieut. Butcher, Brockville	74
Capt. R. Crego, Trenton	74
Ensign Stagers, Belleville	73
Adj. Ogilvie, Sherbrooke	70
Sergeant Rogers, Montreal	70
Lieut. Hilkman, Prescott	68
Capt. Greene, Tavel	65
Capt. Norman, Pictou	65
Adj. Bradley, Cornwall	65
Capt. Magee, Kempsville	60
Capt. Brown, Perth	60
Capt. Wilson, Newport	58
Sergeant Mrs. J. Woodstock	58
Lieut. Dawson, Newport	57
Capt. Vance, Belleville	57
Ensign Sims, Pictou	57
Lieut. Luck, Montreal	55
Mrs. Adj. Bradley, Cornwall	55
Capt. Grose, Brighton	55
Capt. Reid, Morrisburg	53
Lieut. Brooks, Renfrew	53
Lieut. Newell, Morrisburg	52
Sergeant Thompson, Belleville	52
Sister N. Brown, Montreal	52
Sergeant Ritchie, Montreal	50
Cand. Crozier, Montreal	50
Lieut. Hurlch, Coaticook	45
Lieut. McFarlane, Colouge	45
Capt. Huxtable, Brockville	45
Capt. Constable, Renfrew	44
Capt. McIntyre, Montreal	40
Capt. Batten, Arnprior	40
Lieut. Way, Arnprior	40
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Port Hope	40
Sergeant J. Phelps, Pictou	40
Capt. Beachell, Deseronto	38
Capt. DeWitt, Millbrook	37
Sergeant Annie Brown, Port Hope	35
Sister D. Hill, Montreal	35
Lieut. Lathur, Odessa	34
Bro. Barnes, Montreal	32
Adj. Bickburn, Port Hope	30
Capt. Steith, Deseronto	30
Capt. Downey, Burlington	30
Lieut. Hennessy, Barre	30
Sergeant Chillingworth, Montreal	30
Capt. Brindley, Campbellford	30
Sergeant Louis, Montreal	30
Lieut. O'Neil, Millbrook	29
Sister Caldwell, Montreal	28
Capt. LaLonde, Sherbrooke	27
Sergeant Barber, Kingston	27
Sergeant Mrs. Thompson, Kingston	26
S. Y. Robbie Douglas, Cornwall	25
Bro. Morse, Newport	25
Sergeant Fulford, Algonquin	25
Capt. Flindley, Bloomfield	25
Capt. Owen, Sarnia	25
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Montreal	25
Sergeant A. Downey, Kingston	25
Mrs. Ryckman, Deseronto	23
Capt. Nyland, Odessa	23
Mrs. Hupers, Montreal	23
Ensign Yerex, Montreal	23
Lieut. Tracey, Perth	20
Pathur Duquett, Trenton	20
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	20
Ensign Howman, Millbrook	20
Lieut. Liddell, Gannaque	20
Sergeant Sturmy, Pictou	20
Bro. Hersey, Barre	20
Lieut. Randall, Bloomfield	20
Sister Ross, Montreal	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

82 Hustlers.

CAPT. RYAN, Yarmouth	200
MAGGIE GRAHAM, Halifax	177
CAPT. JACKSON, Halifax	162
CAPT. GOODWIN, Charlottetown	155
SERGEANT MINNIE SMITH, Windsor	184
CLARA MERCY, St. John	130
SERGEANT MAJOR VIBNOT, Halifax	113
EMILY WHITE, Houlton	109
CAPT. G. THOMPSON, Campbellton	100
Chit Webber, Fredericton	85
Mrs. Ensign Parsons, Sydney	80
Lieut. Richards, St. John	75
Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown	74
Cadet Lebars, St. John	70
Cadet Urquhart, Springhill	70
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown	70
Ensign Larder, Glace Bay	70
Secretary Ellis, Charlottetown	61
Sergeant Armstrong, St. John	60
Adj. Byers, New Glasgow	64
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	64
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, Springhill	60
Cadet Gardiner, Fredericton	50
Eliza Snow, Dartmouth	50
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50

Lieut. Kirk, Woodstock	50
Lieut. Armstrong, Woodstock	50
Alma Trafton, Fallville	48
Mrs. Capt. Knight, Chatham	47
Lieut. Duncumb, New Glasgow	47
Adj. Miller, Yarmouth	45
Cadet True, St. John	43
Capt. Horwood, Lunenburg	42
Capt. Clark, North Sydney	42
Sergeant Olive, Carleton	40
Lieut. Cowan, Steharon	40
Lizzie Lebars, Fredericton	40
Brother Read, St. John	40
Mrs. Ensign Pugh, Windsor	40
Sergeant Irons, Windsor	40
Sister L. Provost, New Glasgow	39
Sergeant F. Pettis, New Glasgow	38
Sergeant Chislett, N. Sydney	35
Sergeant Moore, Halifax	34
Bessie Rodgers, Halifax	33
Sergeant Allen, St. John	33
Livinia Lebars, Fredericton	33
Mrs. F. Pettis, New Glasgow	32
Cadet Fudge, Fredericton	30
Carrie Grand, Halifax	30
Cadet Ghanivan, St. John	30
Olive Clarke, St. John	30
Lieut. Smith, St. John	30
Mrs. Gilfray, St. John	26
Ole Lorrilard, Windsor	25
Sister Vindine, Woodstock	25
Sergeant Pitelner, Sydney	25
Capt. Davies, Bridgewater	25
Ann Crawford, St. John	25

Sergeant Mrs. Enchem, Glace Bay	25
Capt. Knight, Chatham	25
Mother England, Chatham	25
Fred Lean, St. John	25
Sergeant Major Ash, New Glasgow	25
Maggie Holden, Windsor	24
Lieut. Mowbray, Bridgewater	23
Sergeant Matthews, New Glasgow	23
Bob McWilliams, Windsor	22
Francis McIvor, Dartmouth	22
Sergeant T. Keating, N. Sydney	22
Lieut. Laura Selg, Clarks Harbor	22
Mrs. Patterson, St. John	21
Cadet Smith, Fredericton	20
Mrs. Bentley, Fredericton	20
Sergeant Collins, Fredericton	20
Mrs. Pike, N. Sydney	20
Mrs. Snow, Dartmouth	20
Mrs. McDowde, Dartmouth	20
Sergeant Tilley, St. John	20
Sergeant White, Halifax	20
Albert Dimock, Glace Bay	20
Minnie Caldwell, Windsor	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

88 Hustlers.

SISTER HARDENBROOK, Spokane	224
Cadet GREY, Butte	145
CADET LONG, Lewistown	120
MRS. ADJ. AYRE, Billings	115
SISTER LEWIS, Victoria	110
CAPT. MEREDITH, Vancouver	106

MRS. CADET-CAPT. HOOKER, Wallace	102
Ensign Babington, Vancouver	85
Lieut. Betts, Kamloops	80
Capt. Ferrenoud, Nanaimo	80
Lieut. Galt, Bozeman	76
Capt. Bailey, Missoula	65
Maud Patterson, New Westminster	64
Ensign Burton, Great Falls	62
Lieut. Adity, Butte	62
Lieut. G. Tracey, Shoshone	61
Lieut. Walrath, Great Falls	50
Sister Powell, New Whatcom	50
Capt. Quant, Trail	47
Capt. Gooding, Victoria	45
Brother Boulton, Revelstoke	40
Lieut. Floyd, Missoula	35
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	35
Capt. Hagen, Bell	35
Sister Berry, New Whatcom	34
Capt. Krell, Nanaimo	34
Sister N. Little, Victoria	30
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Mt. Vernon	30
Lieut. Morris, Revelstoke	30
Capt. Miller, Dillon	27
Mrs. Tostor, Spokane	27
Capt. Ziebarth, New Westminster	25
Sister Mann, Vancouver	24
Mrs. Rowe, Butte	24
Lieut. Nesbitt, Ellensburg	24
Sergeant Major Fentle, Great Falls	24
Bro. Rea, Revelstoke	20
S. White, Nanaimo	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

25 Hustlers.

LIEUT. ANDERSON, Fargo	110
Lieut. Bauson, Grafton	95
Capt. Brander, Grand Forks	78
Lieut. Russell, Prince Albert	71
Lieut. Blodgett, Calgary	58
Lieut. Wilek, Moose Jaw	58
Lieut. Wilcox, Winnipeg	55
Mrs. Capt. Knudson, Winnipeg	55
Sergeant Major Walks, Valley City	52
Lieut. B. Clark, Laramie	47
Cadet McLeod, Lethbridge	47
Capt. Smith, Minnedosa	45
Capt. J. Mercer, Hillsboro	42
Ensign Dena, Calgary	40
Sergeant Mary Chapman, Winnipeg	40
Sergeant McNabb, Portage la Prairie	33
Sergeant Woodworth, Portage la Prairie	30
Capt. Haskirk, Portage la Prairie	30
Capt. Barrage, Moose Jaw	26
Capt. LeDrew, Winnipeg	25
Sergeant Sarah Chapman, Winnipeg	25
Sergeant Penfold, Winnipeg	25
Sergeant Johnson, Winnipeg	25
Sister McLane, Portage la Prairie	22
Lieut. Himmoud, Grand Forks	21

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

4 Hustlers.

Ensign Cooper, Tilt Cove	31
Capt. Mulvey, Tilt Cove	22
D. Hickman, Grand Bank	20
Capt. Monton, Clarenville	20



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We wish search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriended and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert at Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Five cents should be sent, if possible to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

Second Insertion.

3335. NOTICE! We cannot advertise for anyone in this column unless we have full name and address of inquirer.

3336. CHRISTIANA BARKER. Last heard of in Whitby, Ont., about 40 years ago. Age about 60. Supposed to have married. Her present name and address wanted by her brother, Wm. Barker, who anxiously inquires. Address Inquiries, Toronto.

3338. HARRY MUNRO. Age 35, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair, has a scar on one cheek. Was a painter by trade. Last heard of 17 years ago, in St. Thomas, Ont. Mother anxiously inquires.

3339. MRS. LIZZIE E. REED, nee HARRIS. Sometimes goes by the name of MISS S. M. BROWN. Age 21, height 5 ft., fair complexion, dark brown hair and dark eyes. Missing since Sept. 10, 1897. Last known address Chicago, Ill. Her little boy, William James Reed, age 2 years, is with her. Any information address S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

Junior Soldiers' Prizes!

2,100 NEW BOOKS

JUST ADDED TO OUR STOCK.

The best, cheapest and most appropriate prizes that can be given to the children at the J. S. Anniversary.

Make your selection from the following list and send your order to the Provincial Officer right away:

6c. SERIES.	12c. SERIES.	18c. SERIES.	25c. SERIES.	36c. SERIES.	50c. SERIES.
The Fisherman's Son	Jessie Dytton	The Little Heroine	The Little Browns	Through Deep Waters	Mungo Park's Life and Travels
The Orange Girl	Bright Ben	A Rose Without a Thorn	Ellie's Childhood	William Carey	The Old Home in the City
The French Philanthropist	Grey Calf Abbey	Joan of Arc	The Exiles of Siberia	Jack Horner	In the Spider's Web
The Cherry Orchard	Snowdrops	Effie's Journal	The Right Way	What Katy Did	John Knox and His Times
A Story About Envy	Friendless Bob	A Chip of the Old Block	Reformation Heroes	Larry Gilbert	How the Battle was Won
The Black Woman	Come Home, Mother	Helen of the Glean	Stepping Heavenward	Enter Ried	Isaac Maraden
Blind Banty		Katie	The Parent Assistant	Enter Ried Vet Speaking	Tell Me the Story of Jesus
The Orphan's Friend		Fan's Brother			
Owen's Future					
Sybil and Her Live Snowball					
Buy Your Own Cheries					
The Peppery Gates					
Herbert's First Year at Bramford					
The Mountain Mill					
Franklin Hill					
The London Match Girl					
Captain Ted					
Catherine's Peril					
The Persecuted Family					
Red Flowers of Martyrdom					
The Martyr Shepherd					
An Unexpected Reward					
The Pilgrim's Progress					
Uncle Tom's Cabin					
Bury Bee					
Robinson Crusoe					
The Beauty of the King					
The Animals in Council					
The Friendly Visitor					
Childhood					
Our Boys and Girls					
Wise and Otherwise					
Peter Penelope					
The Story of Our English Bible					
The Holy War					
The Swiss Family Robinson					
Nellie's Mission					
Bible Warnings					
Naomi					
The Old Helmet					
Edea in England					

Very suitable J. S. Libraries can be made up from the above selection at all prices.

St. John Jottings.

Farewell Meetings of Major and Mrs. Collier
Conducted by Brigadier Pugmire—Dedication of the Major's Baby—Welcome of Ensign Turpin—Thirteen at the Mercy Seat.

ALTHOUGH it was a pouring wet day on Sunday, yet the barracks, at St. John H., was packed to the doors. A mighty revival is going on at this corps, and Capt. McElheney writes that he is hopeful of securing 25 good soldiers out of the numbers that are being saved. The Major is much loved at this corps, and there were expressions of sorrow at his departure. It was too stormy for Mrs. Collier to be present. The Brigadier stood on the bridge and the Major spoke farewell words. We saw eight kneel at the Cross. Hallelujah! Ensign Perry, our devoted G. B. M. Agent, said good-bye to the Enst.

The Major's final farewell meeting was held at No. 1. The public meeting was preceded by an officers' tea and council. There were nearly 30 present. Several officers, including the P. O. (who presided) eulogized the Major. Both Major and Mrs. Collier had a few farewell words to their beloved comrade-officers.

The public meeting was a grand affair. The first thing on the program was the dedication of the baby of Major and Mrs. Collier, and as "Gladys Evangeline" was presented to the Lord, she lay quite passive in the hands of the P. O.

This over, a few officers spoke about the Chancellor's departure. Sergt. Major Law also had a few words.

The P. O. read a farewell address, after which Major and Mrs. Collier said good-bye.

Ensign Turpin, who comes to assist the P. O. pro tem, received a whole-hearted welcome, and also had a few words.

We wound up the meeting with five souls in the Fountain, music, singing and dancing, and the P. O., Chancellor and Ensign Turpin being carried shoulder high—Soldier Boy.

COLONEL JACOBS

Will Conduct

Special Week-End Services

At
Riverside, April 26.
Temple, April 2.
Major Hargrave will accompany the Colonel at Leggar Street and Riverside.

FAREWELL!

BRIGADIER COMPLIN,

The General Secretary,
WILL SAY GOOD-BYE TO
CANADA IN THE
Temple, Sunday, April 30th.

BRIGADIER BENNETT,

THE PROVINCIAL OFFICER
of the East Ontario Province.
Will Farewell from His Present
Command at
MONTREAL, . . . Tuesday, April 11th.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS

Will introduce the New Provincial Officer at
Montreal, Thursday, April 12th.

BRIGADIER MRS. READ

will conduct Special Meetings at
BRANTFORD, March 25, 26, 27.
CAMPELLEFORD, April 1, 2, 3.



GLORY HONOR
PRAISE AND POWER
BE FOREVER TO THE LAMB

A Call to Service.

Tune.—To the front (B.J. 63).

4 To the front, the cry is ringing.
To the front, your place is there.
In the conflict men are wanted,
Men of hope and faith and prayer.
Selfish ends shall count no right,
From the battle's post to take us,
Fear shall vanish in the fight,
For triumphant God will make us.

Chorus.

No retreating, hell defeating,
Shoulder to shoulder we stand,
God looks down and glory crowns
Our conquering band.
Victory for me,
Through the Blood of Christ, my Sav-

our!
Victory for me,
Through the precious Blood!

To the front, the fight is raging,
Christ's own banner leads the way.
Every power and thought engaging,
Mighty Divine shall be our stay.
We have heard the cry for help,
From the dying millions round us,
We've received the royal command,
From our dying Lord Who found us.

To the front, no more delaying,
Wounded spirits need thy care;
To the front, the Lord obeying,
Stoop to help the dying there.
Broken hearts and blighted hopes,
Slaves of sin and degradation,
Wait for thee in love to bring
Holy peace and liberation.

Hope for Ever Gone!

Tune.—Glory to His name!

5 Down in the flames of eternal woe,
Where all who die without Christ
must go;
Lost ones in darkness for ever know
Days of grace are gone!

Chorus.

Days of grace are gone,
Days of vengeance come:
'Tis the cry of the lost in hell,
Days of grace are gone.

Lost now are they to the joys of earth,
Pleasures of sin and the scenes of
mirth;
Poured o'er their souls is God's great
wrath,
And storms of living fire.

Hell now above and hell beneath,
Weeping and wailing and gnashing of
teeth,
Never, oh! never one moment's relief
In that dark abode.

Backslidden sinners, would you escape
Being plunged into the burning lake?
Enter at once, then, Mercy's gate,
And get forgiveness now.

Come, Poor Sinner, Come!

Tunes.—We're travelling home (B.J. 7);
Better world (B.J. 11); or, What's
the news? (B.J. 12).

6 We're travelling on to heaven above,
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blissful
shore,
Their trials and their labors o'er.
And yet there's room for millions
more—
Will you go?

The way to heaven is straight and
plain.

Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow Me,
And thou shalt My salvation see,"
Will you go?

Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
"I will go,
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
Let me go.
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,
Let me go."

Our Weekly Solo.

AN OLD FAVORITE.

7 When times of temptation bring
sadness and gloom,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord;
The last of earth's treasures borne out
to the tomb,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.
This earth has no sorrow for today or
to-morrow,
But Jesus hath known it and felt long
ago;

And when it comes o'er me and I'm
tempted so sorely,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

Chorus.

I will tell it to Jesus,
To Jesus, my Lord,
I will tell it to Jesus,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

When out on the hill-top, away from
all sin,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord;
When joyous and happy, the sunshine
within,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.
To know I'm forgiven is a foretaste of
heaven,
And Jesus is dearer to me than before,
Such peacefulness fills me, such an
ecstasy thrills me,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

When darkness is dimming my path
to the skies,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord;
When helpers shall fail me and com-
forts shall fly,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.
Though blurred my life's pages by sin
and its wages,
He's yesterday, now, and for ever the
same;
I'll not be forsaken, though my life
should be taken,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

Sin is self-will that does not will what
God wills.

A RUN

Already extra orders for
the Special . . .

EASTER WAR CRY

are pouring in, and it is doubtful whether
all orders can be supplied if they continue
to pour in at the present rate.

Order at once or you will be left out!

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the
Salvation Army, printed and pub-
lished by John M. C. Hors, & A.
Printing House, 11 Albert St., Toronto